This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

FA 4105.6
*

Harvard College
Library

THE GIFT OF
Archibald Cary Coolidge
Class of 1887
PROFESSOR OF HISTORY
TRANSFERRED TO
FINE ARTS LIBRARY

MASTERPIECES OF ENGLISH ART.

NATURAM EXPELLAS FURCÂ, TAMEN USQUE RECURRET.—HORACE.

MASTERPIECES OF ENGLISH ART

WITH SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE MOST CELEBRATED

OF THE DECEASED PAINTERS OF THE

ENGLISH SCHOOL

FROM THE TIME OF HOGARTH TO THE PRESENT DAY

BY W. COSMO MONKHOUSE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH TWENTY-SIX PHOTOGRAPHS.

LONDON:
BELL AND DALDY, YORK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.
1869.

FA 4105.6

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF
ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE
Fine Arts - Special
July 24, 1924

CHISWICK PRESS:—PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

H505.52
.14

TO

THAT CLEAR-MINDED CRITIC

WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI,

THESE SLIGHT EFFORTS ARE

DEDICATED;

WITH NO FEELING SAVE DESIRE TO EXPRESS ADMIRATION FOR THE WIDTH OF

HIS APPRECIATION AND THE FIRM IMPARTIALITY

OF HIS JUDGMENT.

W. C. M.

October, 1868.

PREFACE.

THOUGH the name of but one author will be found on the title-page, it is right to state that he can lay no claim but that of editorship to the articles on Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilkie, Leslie, Haydon, Roberts, and Stanfield. Neither would it be right to allow this volume to go forth without due acknowledgment of the invaluable assistance which has been derived in its composition from the work of Messrs. Redgrave, so often quoted in its pages. We have now, thanks to its authors, a reliable authority on the history of English Art, and neither the author of this volume could, nor any future writer on the subject can, afford to neglect it.

The Photographs which embellish the book are reductions of the best attainable engravings.

LIST OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

PAGE

I. THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY. By William Hogarth. (*Foundling Hospital.*) *From the engraving by the Artist* 15

II. SOLITUDE. By Richard Wilson, R.A. (*Mr. R. Ledger.*) *From the Engraving by William Woollett and William Ellis* 19

III. THE BROOK BY THE WAY. By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A. (*National Collection at South Kensington.*) *From the Engraving by J. C. Bentley* . 25

IV. THE MARLBOROUGH FAMILY. By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (*Blenheim.*) *From the Engraving by Charles Turner* 33

V. THE VILLAGE THATCHER. By George Morland. *From the Engraving by William Ward* 39

VI. THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR. By John Singleton Copley, R.A. (*Corporation of London, Guildhall.*) *From the Engraving by M. Sharp* 45

VII. THE TRIAL OF QUEEN CATHERINE. By George Henry Harlow. (*Mr. Morrison, of Basildon Park.*) *From the Engraving by George Clint* . . 49

VIII. THE DEATH OF WOLFE. By Benjamin West, P.R.A. (*Hampton Court Palace.*) *From the Engraving by William Woollett* 55

IX. POPE PIUS VII. By Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. (*Windsor Castle.*) *From the Engraving by Samuel Cousins, R.A.* 61

X. CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS. By Thomas Stothard, R.A. (*Sir William Miles, Bt., of Leigh Court.*) *From the Engraving by J. Heath, A.R.A.* . 69

XI. THE ENGLISH GIRL. By Gilbert Stuart Newton, R.A. *From the Engraving by G. T. Doo, R.A.* 75

XII. A LOCK ON THE STOUR. By John Constable, R.A. (*Mrs. W. Carpenter.*) *From the Engraving by William R. Smith* 79

XIII. THE PEEP-O'-DAY BOY'S CABIN. By Sir David Wilkie, R.A. (*Vernon Collection.*) *From the Engraving by C. W. Sharpe* 87

XIV. ANNE PAGE AND SLENDER. By Sir Augustus W. Callcott, R.A. (*Sheepshanks Collection.*) *From the Engraving by F. Bacon* 93

PAGE

XV. THE HERO AND HIS HORSE. By Benjamin Robert Haydon. *From the Engraving by Thomas Lupton* 99

XVI. THE STRAY KITTEN. By William Collins, R.A. (*Vernon Collection.*) *From the Engraving by H. C. Shenton* 103

XVII. "YOUTH AT THE PROW AND PLEASURE AT THE HELM." By William Etty, R.A. (*Vernon Collection.*) *From the Engraving by C. W. Sharpe* . . . 109

XVIII. THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE. By James Mallord William Turner, R.A. (*Mr. Munro, of Novar.*) *From the Engraving by W. Miller* 117

XIX. THE PAPHIAN BOWER. By John Martin. *From the Engraving by G. H. Phillips* 125

XX. MAY DAY IN THE OLDEN TIME. By Charles Robert Leslie, R.A. (*Mr. J. Goldie Walker.*) *From the Engraving by J. H. Watt* 129

XXI. SCENE FROM "LE DIABLE BOITEUX." By Augustus Leopold Egg, R.A. (*Vernon Collection.*) *From the Engraving by S. Sangster* 133

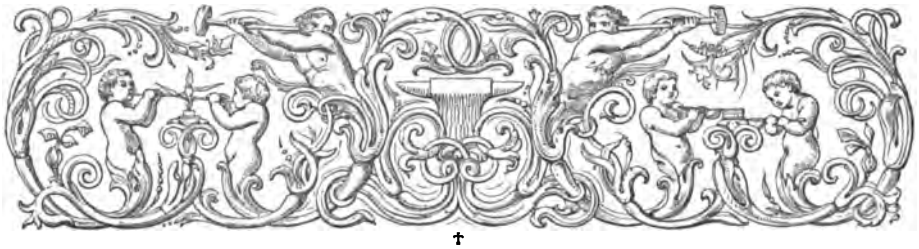
XXII. THE WOLF AND THE LAMB. By William Mulready, R.A. *In the possession of Her Majesty. From the Engraving by J. H. Robinson, A.E.R.A.* . . 141

XXIII. THE DEPARTURE OF THE ISRAELITES. By David Roberts, R.A. *From the Engraving by J. P. Quilley* 149

XXIV. PILGRIMS IN SIGHT OF ROME. By Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A. (*Duke of Bedford.*) *From the Engraving by G. T. Doo, R.A.* 155

XXV. THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR. By Clarkson Stanfield, R.A. (*United Service Club.*) *From the Engraving by William Miller* 161

XXVI. GREENWICH PENSIONERS ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR. By John Burnet. (*Duke of Wellington.*) *From the Engraving by John Burnet* 165



ART IN ENGLAND BEFORE HOGARTH.

THERE can be little doubt that the late birth of pictorial art in England is to a great extent accounted for by the simple, broad facts of English history. Those unfortunate Wars of the Roses which have already so heavy a burden to bear, must yet be taxed with this additional weight, that they effectually postponed the possibility of such development. Not so much, however, we think, by decimating and impoverishing the old aristocracy, who might have been its patrons, as by retarding the general education and the growth of the national taste. For, after all, no amount of patronage and dilettanteism among an eclectic few will make art flourish amongst a nation, any more than the introduction of choice flowers into hot-houses will scatter their seed across the fields; nor (and this is more to the point,) will any amount of seed so scattered germinate unless soil and climate suit them.

We have now a school of English Art, so original in many of its features, and so national in its peculiarities, and the love of pictures has grown so rapidly of late years amongst all classes, that those who are ignorant of the history of Art in England would not think that a century and a half ago it was still nothing but an exotic amongst us; but such undoubtedly it was.

Not only was it an exotic, but only one species of it had been acclimatized; for, before Hogarth, portrait-painting was the only branch of pictorial art that can in any way be said to have existed in England, let alone flourished. And this fact is noteworthy, for though portrait-painting may be raised into a high region of Art, yet it is quite possible that a nation with little or no knowledge of or love for art may have its houses filled with works of art of the portrait class. This phenomenon was literally true of England, and is to some extent even now, for our general artistic taste is still low. However, we do not think that national vanity, as has been said, is the only cause of our encouragement of portrait-painting. To do ourselves justice, if Englishmen as a body like to see themselves painted, they like still more to see the portraits of their wives, their families, and their friends. The strong domestic affections of Englishmen, and their honest admiration and love for each other, have at least as much as vanity to do with the success of this branch of art in England.

The history of our country would be quite sufficient to account for portrait-painting being the chiefly patronised form of art in England, on the supposition that it was a mere foreign importation. Painting would therefore be introduced merely because it was fashionable, or because the select few were cultivated to understand and like what was not inherent in their nature, as they might learn other languages, their own and foreign manners and customs. Introduced like tea, tobacco, or carps, it would naturally depend on the taste of the nation whether the fashion developed into a general habit. Fashion and cultivation had, no doubt, much, if not all to do with the first encouragement given to arts in this country. Besides the universal desire to possess likenesses of themselves and their families, portrait as well as other painting was patronised because it was the fashion. A court painter in the time of Henry the Eighth was as necessary as a court fool. The magnificent Henry desired everything that would increase and illustrate his importance; and very fortunate was he to secure the services

of so competent and excellent an artist as Holbein, whose great genius could not help making its influence felt in all cultivated minds. Distinguished alike for masterly drawing and fine colour, this artist would have been enough, one would have thought, to found a school wherever he settled. But in England the influence of his genius dwindled away through a few imitators and left no sign. Of Sir Antonio More, in the reign of Mary, (many of whose fine paintings were accessible to the public in the Exhibitions of National Portraits at South Kensington,) the same may be said. In the time of Elizabeth, we have for the first time English artists of some reputation, Hilliard, and Isaac Oliver the miniaturist, but still nothing beyond portrait-painting. It is strange that in this reign, with its grand and beautiful poetical and dramatic literature, and with the national love of nature, which is so visible throughout it, no one should have arisen to attempt to pourtray with the pencil what poets painted with the pen. It is hard to believe that at this time there was no one whose feeling for nature was not strong enough, in spite of the want of encouragement, to endeavour pictorial expression; but if there was he achieved no fame. Portraits, and nothing but portraits. This critical period having passed without producing an original artist, we are not surprised at finding that no one arose till the end of the seventeenth century; we are only surprised that one should arise at that time of all others.

We have not space even to name the various foreign artists who came to England during the reigns of the Stuarts. Grand men, though, many of them, Vansomer, Jansen, Mytens, Rubens, Vandyke;—men who, almost unequalled in their line of art, have (with the exception of Reynolds and Gainsborough) no rival in the school of England.*

Charles the First is said to have had a fine taste for art, and he undoubtedly collected a fine gallery of pictures; but the unhappy events of

* We do not include in this comparative depreciation of our modern portrait-painters men who are now alive, and therefore out of the sphere of this work.

his reign soon not only dispersed his pictures, but destroyed whatever germs of art may have been sown in England by his patronage. Dobson is a name which, however, must not be forgotten in the list of English artists before Hogarth. He painted some excellent portraits in the style of Rubens and Vandyke.

With the restoration of Charles the Second came in, among other base French importations, the taste for art, as we see it displayed in the works of Sir Peter Lely, Kneller, Verrio and Laguerre, with all the absurdities of sham nature, sham arcadianism, sham classicalism, sham allegory. Before this reign the fount of art in England, if nearly dry, was tolerably pure. Now it was poisoned: and fine painter as Sir Peter Lely was, and, to a less extent, Sir Godfrey Kneller also, we may be thankful that their art did not take deep root. Even the inanity of Hudson was a better starting point for English portrait-painting than the splendid falsehood of either of those his more talented predecessors.

The House of Hanover seems to have put a wet blanket over the smouldering fires of exotic art. The portrait painters of George the First's reign, Jervas and Richardson, seem to have begun *de novo*, and progressed but little way. Sir James Thornhill, in his time a great man, attempted great things, and succeeded as well as might have been expected from one who covered staircases and ceilings at so much the square yard,—in a style which was a mixture of Kneller and Verrio, with, in St. Paul's cathedral, the slightest possible dash of the Raphael cartoons, which great works he had not genius enough to copy satisfactorily. With him the influence of imported artists, though not of imported taste, may be said to have died.

We cannot wonder that the most cultivated men of that time did not believe in the power of England to produce an original artist. Everything seemed to have been tried to induce the growth of art in England. From time immemorial our land had spread its beauties of scenery before the nation's eyes, generations of beautiful and noble women had passed and gone

away, for centuries our noble cathedrals and minsters and churches had stood like poets' dreams in stone, for one and all to see, sown broadcast throughout the country, English literature of the highest class offered noble suggestions for artistic minds, and lastly much good art had been imported; the artistic taste of Britain had been stimulated with Holbein, Vansomer, Rubens, and Vandyke, and inoculated by Lely and Kneller; but our art was not to be stimulated by foreign example, the inoculation would not take, and all permanent beauties, natural, architectural, and poetical, had failed to rouse an Englishman to sufficient enthusiasm to attempt their imitation by pictorial art.

As if to prove a paradox, and to show that, in spite of all, English art was a spontaneous growth, just when English love for nature seemed at its lowest ebb, when exotic art was flickering in its socket if it had not expired, when even architecture, especially the most national form of it, viz., domestic, had reached the depth of tastelessness, men were born in England who were destined to become the founders of a truly national and original school.

How this should be we do not pretend to be philosophical enough to determine, but we are inclined to believe that from this time dated our distinctly national art of all kinds. Art literature was a splendid 'renaissance' rather than a normal growth. Chaucer, thorough Englishman as he was, gained much of his inspiration from Italian and Latin models, even our splendid poetical literature of Queen Elizabeth's reign can scarcely be called purely aboriginal; the poets and wits of the Restoration were decidedly French rather than English in spirit. It is true that the soil of literature had been so assiduously cultivated that it had borne more fruit, but it could scarcely show any produce that could be called absolutely native, even to the close of the seventeenth century. But then distinctly national works, English both in spirit, subject, and execution, began to appear. Fielding, Swift, Smollett and Richardson, had arisen, and the outburst of

purely native literature was followed by a similar outburst of purely native pictorial art.

If these suggestions are based in truth, their theory is well carried out by the fact of Hogarth's appearance as our first national painter. He is to painting what the great humorists are to literature. He was the first to abandon foreign models and foreign spirit, and to look to nature as the true source of art, and, like the literary men we have mentioned, he painted men as they were, rather than men as they should be, the human inhabitants of the earth, rather than the face of inanimate nature, fact rather than poetry. After him, English art had a firm ground under its feet; a test to try itself by, an example of fundamental truth which it could not help doing right in following. After him, English art began to look to nature, and to learn that all art was base that was not founded on her. But yet, though this is true, not alone to Hogarth must be the glory of it. The great fact seems to have occurred consciously or unconsciously to all of our first great painters, and indeed without this they could never have become great, or the founders of a National School of Art.

It was a time, we repeat, when this truth was seemingly most completely obscured. Not only were the ancient Italian masters considered the only source of true art by the travelled connoisseurs of the time, but they (the connoisseurs) had not the taste to distinguish between the good and the bad, and would have preferred a false Caravaggio well daubed with brown varnish, to a painting fresh from the easel of a Titian.

Yet in the midst of this taste, and what is more, with the patronage of the fine arts in the hands of these very connoisseurs, the vital principle of all art was instilled by some means or other into the minds of Reynolds and Gainsborough, Sandby and Cozens, as well as into that of Hogarth.

With regard to our landscape-painters (other than Gainsborough, who appears to have *intuitively* sought truth both in portrait and landscape-painting,) we can trace in some measure the growth of this new and true

principle, which beginning with Sandby culminated to such glory in Turner. They seem to have been tutored to look upon nature with pure eyes by the exercise of their employment in copying the ancient architecture of the country, for archæological rather than pictorial purposes; if so, our fine old churches and cathedrals have another claim on our reverence and affection.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

"I was pleased with the reply of a gentleman, who being asked which book he esteemed most in his library, answered, 'Shakespeare:' being asked which he esteemed next best, replied, 'Hogarth.' His graphic representations are indeed books: they have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words*. Other pictures we look at, his prints we read."

LAMB.

OUR motto, taken from the well-known essay of Lamb, an essay which contains in a few pages more true and thorough criticism of Hogarth than will be found elsewhere amongst the writings of English critics, aptly characterises the peculiarity of Hogarth's genius. He did not think his thoughts and then reproduce them in attitude and expression; he *thought* in attitude and expression, and thus made, as it were, a short cut, not only for himself, but for his spectators, (or audience,) who are struck at once home to their intelligence almost without need of the intervention of thought.

This great genius, without rival or imitator in the history of the world, was born on the 10th of December, 1697, in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great. He came from the north, and his family was an old one—the Hogarts or Hogards of Kirkby Thore, Westmoreland.

It is difficult in Hogarth's case, where so little is known of his ancestry, to trace the natural development of a great social satirist out of a race of country farmers. We might imagine hereditary love for the beauties of scenery accumulating and distilling through generations till it provoked the

birth of a poet, but scarcely that of a genius whose power lay peculiarly in observing and remembering the effect of passion on physiognomy, and in masterly selection and arrangement of typical incidents of folly and vice.

His uncle, a peasant or farmer, who lived and died at Troutbeck, seems, however, to have possessed in some degree a power of wit and satire which made him locally famous as a humorist. It is interesting also to learn, that his efforts, though rude and coarse, were directed to the improvement of his race, and according to Adam Walker, the philosopher, reformed the manners of the people as much as the sermons of the clergyman. He also wrote a humorous drama on the destruction of Troy, acted among the hills of Westmoreland by the peasants, which probably showed as little respect for the classical author as his nephew for "old masters" and "high art." So that there is good reason for thinking that some of William Hogarth's special talent " ran in his blood."

His father was a schoolmaster and writer. The artist, in writing of his father, says that he lived chiefly by his pen, and that the cruel treatment he received from booksellers and printers made him (the son) resolve not to trust to learning for a living; or in his own words, "I had before my eyes the precarious situation of men of classical education; it was therefore conformable to my own wishes that I was taken from school, and served a long apprenticeship to a silver-plate engraver."

This engraver was Ellis Gamble, of Cranbourne Street; and valuable enough in future years was the early precision attained by Hogarth with the graver. Even to the last much of the silver-plate engraver is left in Hogarth's plates, particularly in the peculiar incisive line, going direct to its aim, swelling at will, and ending firmly, like a heraldic flourish. But he was not long content with the prospects held out of success in the silver-graving craft. Before he was out of his apprenticeship, to be a copper-plate engraver was the utmost ambition of his life.

Like so many boys who do *not* turn out to be geniuses, Hogarth had

covered his exercises at school with drawings; and there can be little doubt that all through his apprenticeship his talents and genius were growing.

Being healthy and English, he was, as he allows, fond of his pleasure, and evidently not a youth who would spend his leisure hours in his closet in hard study, and burn the midnight oil in mastering abstract principles of art. But he had a shrewd sensible head of his own, and cunning fingers, and he devised a way of combining pleasure and education, which was advantageous to him and the rest of the world. He, as it were, harnessed pleasure to the car of study; and since his inclinations were to roam abroad and enjoy life, he turned the seething town into an academy, and took notes from the world. As it was scarcely convenient to visit Southwark fair with palette and easel, or to carry pencil and sketch-book to Vauxhall, he made a note-book of his memory and tablets of his nails.

So that he probably had a store of sketches and a gallery of half-conceived pictures in his own mind when, in the year 1718—his apprenticeship expired—he was sent by Walpole to the academy in St. Martin's Lane to study drawing from the life. In this he never attained great excellence. A mind already accustomed to work with conscious power of originality, in the strong heat of imagination, and a hand trained to follow and catch in a moment the most fleeting expression of face, and the transitory accidents of attitude, must have felt cold copying from a stationary model tame and uninteresting. He, before he went to the Academy, had chosen his own school and elected nature for his master. His own studies from "the life" had made academical poses lifeless.

His life, apart from his art, had little that was stirring or romantic except his marriage in 1729. At this time he was only known as a clever satirical engraver, and he dared to make a clandestine marriage with Jane, the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, M.P. (his own master at the Academy in St. Martin's Lane), Sergeant Painter to the king, the great professor of high art, who covered the ceilings of Greenwich Hospital and the dome of St.

Paul's at so much a square yard. Sir James, though mightily angered at first, as how should he not be, was reconciled after two years. The prints of the series of the "Harlot's Progress," made their appearance in 1734. The series was commenced in 1731, showing that it took no little time to mature the great work. It had a great success, 1200 subscribers put their names down for the set; the story was turned into a pantomime, and a ballad opera. Henceforth, though still having much to contend with in the way of defective appreciation, envious detraction, and mortification in the difficulty he found in disposing of his pictures at a fair price (his engravings sold well), his career was a prosperous one; he rode in his carriage and mixed with the cleverest men of his time. He published his "Analysis of Beauty," he procured an Act for recognizing a legal copyright in designs and engravings; he was made Sergeant Painter to the king; he had a foolish fight (with pen and pencil) against Wilkes and Churchill (two against one, and two of the least scrupulous of men against one of the honestest); and finally, on the 26th of October, 1764, he died, and was buried in Chiswick Churchyard.*

As a man Hogarth, with all his genius, was eminently practical. His genius worked within him strongly, but he never cultivated it at the expense of independence. He had to make his bread. His apprenticeship to Ellis Gamble was soon served; but what may be called his apprenticeship to independence was lifelong. He was never poor in the true sense of poverty, for he was never in debt, and so we find him still engraving arms and crests long

* The following lines by David Garrick are on his tombstone:—

"Farewell, great painter of mankind!
Who reach'd the noblest point of Art,
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And through the eye, correct the heart.

"If Genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For HOGARTH'S honour'd dust lies here."

after he had found that he could do great things on copper; and after that we find him working steadily at engraving on copper, long after he had proved to himself and others that he could paint pictures. He had to work for his bread and to cling to his higher ambitions at the same time, and we find him, and cannot sufficiently admire finding him so, working for sufficient bread with one hand, yet never leaving go of the next rung of the ladder with his other, from the morning to the evening of his life.

A steady, plodding, courageous, ambitious man was he, with a singularly well balanced mind, winning his way inch by inch, and content to win it so, slowly and surely, never making a great advance and never losing a step. No doubt throughout he must have been supported by a strong consciousness of his own power, and on the whole, barring his attempts at Sigismundas and Scripture pieces, he had a wonderfully just estimate of it. Above all things, he started with a clear idea of what he could do best, and how he meant to do it, and he early made a programme for his life, which he literally fulfilled. In his own words—

"The reasons which induced me to adopt this mode of designing were, that I thought both critics and painters had, in the historical style, quite overlooked that intermediate species of subjects which may be placed between the sublime and the grotesque. I therefore wished to compose pictures on canvass similar to representations on the stage; and further hope that they will be tried by the same test and criticised by the same criticism. Let it be observed, that I mean to speak only of those scenes where the human species are actors, and those I think have not often been delineated in a way of which they are worthy and capable."

He could not have made a selection more happy; indeed, it is evident that his genius made it for him, and that that genius was so strong that it forced him to paint "things unattempted yet in *ink* or *paint*." As long as he followed the bent of his genius he was successful, and he did not often leave it. Certainly his genius lay, like that of most painters, between the

"sublime" and the "grotesque," and a tolerably wide range is left between those two extremes; Hogarth, however, occasionally touched both poles of art. In the face of the madman in the eighth plate of the "Rake's Progress," he has almost, if not quite, reached the sublime; and in his more careless mood he indulges in the grotesque. As an engraver he is quite unique. Little worked, there is not a stroke that does not tell, and every stroke is successful in expressing exactly what the designer intended. This is particularly the case in the faces, which are almost inimitable even by the most practised copyist.

As a portrait painter, (for he supported himself by painting portraits for some years after his marriage,) he holds a position also unique, but not so distinguished. His imagination and fancy would not work at any task not set by themselves. His nature was, besides, too blunt and direct for success in this line. He would not and could not lend a grace to a face that bore it not, nor flatter a fool by painting him with a thoughtful countenance. When he had a brave, honest, or kindly face to paint, like his own or Captain Coram's, he could paint it bravely and honestly; when he had a bad face to paint, like that of Wilkes or Lord Lovat, he could paint it to the (bad) life; but he could not have flattered Wilkes into a patriot, or Simon Fraser into a hero, as Sir Joshua Reynolds could have done.*

As a painter his powers were totally overlooked and even denied at first. A commission which he executed as a design for tapestry was repudiated by the commissioner, who obtained a verdict in his favour, on the ground that

* The portraits of Garrick and his wife enable us to compare the widely different treatment of the same subject by these two artists. It is difficult to say which has represented the face of Garrick the better of the two. However, Sir Joshua's Garrick is certainly more of a gentleman. But even Sir Joshua has not been able to make much of a lady of Mrs. Garrick. Hogarth's picture has more spirit; Sir Joshua's more refinement. For our study we should prefer Hogarth's picture; for our drawing-room, Sir Joshua's. It is somewhat amusing, knowing how that the vulgarity of Hogarth's Mrs. Garrick drew down indignant reproofs from the critics, to find even Sir Joshua unable to disguise the native vulgarity of the good lady's appearance, with all the resources of dignified posture and fine clothes.

Hogarth had no pretensions as a painter. His best pictures, in his lifetime, sold for ridiculously small sums; Walpole even does not recognize his merit in this particular: but his reputation as a painter has gradually gained ground, till it is generally acknowledged that his drawing is true and wonderful in its peculiar way, his colour good, and his dexterity great; which is tolerable praise for a man whose chief aim was not to excel either as a draughtsman, a colourist, or in technical proficiency. But as a colourist he was, in our opinion, not only good but great. The series of the "Marriage à la Mode" are enough to prove this, while his portrait of "Peg Woffington" is a masterpiece of colour.

Of his works we have only space to speak of the one selected for this book, "The March to Finchley," and if we had space, there would be little need, as they are so well known by his engravings and copies therefrom, and moreover, they are works which tell their own tale so well, and express it so forcibly, and deal with subjects so comparatively familiar, that they for the most part carry their own commentary and their own fame with them, even to the uneducated.

The picture represents the troops of George the Second setting off on their march to meet the army of Prince Charles Edward, in 1745 or 1746. The principal figure in the foreground, a stalwart grenadier, has not been strictly loyal in his gallantries, for we find him engaged in defending himself against the reproaches of two sweethearts of opposite politics and religions. In the picture the distinction is rendered obvious, by the heading of the ballad of "God Save the King," and the portrait of the Duke of Cumberland in the young girl's basket, while the older woman on the right has nothing but Jacobite newspapers. On the left as you front the picture is a grenadier trying to drown the clamorous sorrow of his wife and child, and perhaps to stifle his own, by vigorous drumming. Perhaps the pretty little fifer by his side is his son bravely seconding his father's efforts. Between these two groups, and behind them, a Frenchman is telling news evidently pleasing to

I.

THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY.

BY WILLIAM HOGARTH.

In the possession of the Trustees of the Foundling Hospital.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY THE ARTIST.

the ear of a Jacobite Scotchman, whose cunning face of delight is admirably contrasted with the pretty innocent face of the child raised on its mother's back to the same level. To the right of, and behind the first-mentioned group, an officer is snatching a rude kiss from a milkwoman, and by putting his shoulder beneath the left arm of the girl's wooden pail-balance, enables a rascal to empty one of her pails into his hat without disturbing the equilibrium of the other. The fun is carried on to the right by another soldier who, while pointing out to a pieman this rich piece of roguery, contrives with his other to abstract a pie from the tray on the pieman's head. Coming forward again, in the right hand corner of the picture we see a drunken soldier refusing a sobering draught of water, but holding out his hand for the noggin of gin in the hand of a woman, who has another claimant for the luxury in the person of her wretched baby.

Having pointed out the principal groups, we will leave the reader to find for himself the other humorous contrasts and suggestions with which this wonderful work is literally crammed. We will only hint at the poor little chickens: they are looking out for their mother, whose wings are seen flapping from the pocket of the man who is endeavouring to pour water into the mouth of the drunken soldier.

This picture shows the height and depth of Hogarth's genius and imagination. In no picture are better shown his power of painting a crowd without crowding, his power of introducing an almost infinite variety of remarkable incidents without any appearance of improbability, his powers of humour and pathos, of satire and good humour.

To conclude; apart from his moral and satiric power, which is rather literary than artistic, Hogarth's genius is distinctly one that depicts sheer unsophisticated fact, and little beyond; but his power in this respect is so superlative and unrivalled that it raises him to a position of great importance in the art history of the world. He could not invent a typical figure, but he could do what for his purpose was almost better, he could select an instance which was typical.

Let it not, however, be thought that we wish to deny imagination to this great man. There is an imagination which does not idealize—what may be called a lateral imagination—not raising its subject, but elaborating and broadening it, making it more palpable; an imagination which is, in fact, illustrative without metaphorical pregnancy of idea. This imagination is suggestive only of things on the same level; looking forward, it is not prophetic; looking back, it is nothing but memorial; on each horizon the objects seen being ungilded by those rays which lend enchantment to the poetical distance. Such an imagination, if strong, is eminently valuable, selecting and arranging facts with an accuracy which is exhaustive, and almost scientific, and showing in a way that no other power can the actual unsentimentalized facts of existence. Free from the higher truth of poetry on the one hand, and the lower falsity of sentimentalism on the other, it is eminently practical and honest, and never ignoble. Such an imagination had Hogarth in perhaps a greater degree than any other painter, past or present.

RICHARD WILSON.

"Respect for the ancients is the salvation of art, though it sometimes blinds us to its ends."—RUSKIN.

IF Wilson has no claims to originality, as has been asserted, he can at least claim to have struck out for himself a line of art which had not been attempted before by English artists. He not only dared to abandon portrait-painting and to become a landscape-painter by profession, but he introduced into England a new style of landscape painting, and persisted in following it, although it was never popular or remunerative. He thus, whatever his shortcomings may be, has a distinct and individual place in British art, and his name will never be omitted from the glorious roll of those few and choice painters who first gave our country the right to talk of her school of art.

It has been asserted by Mr. Ruskin that though Wilson "paints in a manly way, and occasionally reaches exquisite tones of colour," "and sometimes manifests some freshness of feeling," "yet his pictures are in general mere diluted adaptations from Poussin and Salvator, without the dignity of the one or the fire of the other." Now, without daring to question so high an authority, we would urge that, for ourselves at least, Poussin's landscapes would not be less attractive for a slight loss of dignity, nor Salvator's for a little less fierceness; and we think that, in like measure, he combined with

the "diluted dignity and fire," some of the sweetness of Claude, and some other appreciable merits of his own. On the whole, though his art was to a great extent imitative, he was no servile copyist; but combined the beauties of the three artists we have mentioned with a harmony which was original. There is nothing mean or crude, undignified or sentimental (in a bad sense), in his pictures; and if for no other reason, we owe him gratitude for having kept alive, at a personal sacrifice, the feeling for poetical landscape. His respect for the ancients was, to a certain extent, the salvation of a distinct and noble branch of art.

Richard Wilson came of an old Montgomeryshire family, and was the son of a clergyman. He was born on the 1st of August, 1713, at Pinegos. Few are the facts known about his life. The usual stories about early precocity are not wanting; and it is said that as a child he would trace figures and animals, with a burnt stick, upon the walls of the house. His talent was perceived by Sir George Wynn, a relation by his mother's side, who took him to London, and placed him under a portrait-painter named Wright, of whom history is dumb.

Till 1749 he gained his living by portrait painting. Even portrait painting at that time was at a low ebb, and he probably succeeded more on account of dearth of talent in his contemporaries than by any special merit of his own. At all events he succeeded and was able to live and to save, and had also sufficient reputation to receive a commission to paint the Prince of Wales (afterwards George III.), and his brother the Duke of York, for their tutor, the Bishop of Norwich.

In 1749 he, "by his own savings and the aid of his friends," was enabled to go to Italy, and he remained six years at Rome. Abroad he met Zuccarelli, afterwards, if not then, a famous landscape-painter; and one morning as he was beguiling the time by attempting a landscape from his window, Zuccarelli was struck with the sketch and prophesied success if he turned his talents in that direction. Zuccarelli's opinion was confirmed by Vernet, who

II.

SOLITUDE.

BY RICHARD WILSON, R. A.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY WILLIAM WOOLLETT

AND WILLIAM ELLIS.

on seeing a newly-finished landscape of Wilson's, was so delighted, that he offered to exchange it for one of his best pictures—an offer gladly accepted. Nor did Vernet's generosity stop there, for he exhibited it in his room; and "when his own productions happened to be praised or purchased by English travellers" he used to say, "Don't talk of my landscapes alone, when your own countryman, Wilson, paints so beautifully." In consequence of these opinions, and, no doubt, with a growing consciousness of his peculiar powers, Wilson relinquished portrait-painting for landscape.

During his residence abroad he must have diligently studied the works of Poussin, Salvator and Claude, and formed his style thereon; but his paintings show that he must have studied much from nature also. During his absence from England his fame became so great that it preceded him from Italy; but when he returned he found that not even the reputation of being the best landscape painter of his country would suffice to sell his pictures.

Wilson had the misfortune of choosing a line of art which was eminently unsuited to gain popularity in England at that time, perhaps at any time. The general taste for art was low. There was little or no original thought on the subject. No one dared, or had sufficient training or taste to dare, to judge for himself; nor was there any correct standard of taste for the public to test works by and to form their taste from. Hogarth had succeeded not as a painter, nor as an engraver, but as a teller of tales by the graver. He appealed to universal feelings which needed no training to understand, no taste to appreciate. Reynolds and Gainsborough were succeeding because they adopted the only way to interest men and women in their works—by holding up a mirror to their features, (anyone could judge of a good likeness, if not of themselves, at least of their friends,)—and by raising portrait-painting into the regions of poetry and romance, they raised their sitters and admirers with them, and did good service to themselves and to art at the same time. But it was different with the landscape painter, especially the poetical land-

scape painter, there was little love for nature and less love for poetry in the public to which Wilson appealed. He could not raise taste to his level, or descend to the level of others as Zuccarelli did, nor could he, like the great portrait-painters we have mentioned, "stoop to conquer," his genius could only struggle by itself and fight with time, which at length, and too late for him, yielded him the victory.

This Zuccarelli, whose weak, mannered, and unnatural art was hardly on a level even with the poetry of the sham-pastoral school, was probably, though he appreciated Wilson's first effort, incapable of better work than he did, so that, perhaps, we should not say that he "descended" to the level of the taste of the day. At all events, the great fact is that he hit it, and that Wilson did not. Not alone, however, to Wilson was the fate to see inferior men succeed, but no number of instances makes the experience less galling to the individual. Zuccarelli, on his arrival in England, he found established as a landscape painter receiving commissions daily, and though the first few landscapes which Wilson painted were bought, the demand for them seems soon to have ceased altogether. He had to stand by and see younger and inferior men take the position to which he was entitled. In a few years the Irishman Barret rose suddenly into favour with the tasteless and capricious town, and thereafter made £2000 a year by painting bad landscapes. In a contest for fame with so comparatively poor an artist as one of the Smiths of Chichester, so eminent a body as the Royal Society decided against Wilson. They say that he became somewhat sour and discourteous—who shall wonder at it?

But worst of all was the want of appreciation for his genius amongst his fellow-artists, a coterie of whom (it is a pity that their names are not known) took the subject of his style into their serious consideration, and decided that his manner was too heavy for the graceful taste of the English, as shown by their appreciation of Zuccarelli and others, and that it behoved them to warn him to lighten his style. This, no doubt, well-intentioned piece of advice, they commissioned Penny, R.A. (whose name only lives in connection with

the anecdote), to communicate to Wilson, who received it in a manner not likely to encourage the coterie to hold another solemn meeting on his behalf.

Luckily for Wilson, for otherwise he would have starved, although he found few who would acknowledge the sterling value of his pictures, there were some more generous, or perhaps long-sighted individuals who would accept his drafts upon posterity, though at a great discount. In other words, though the public would not buy at the artist's price, pawnbrokers bought at their own, hereafter to turn their cautious liberality to good account. One person of this sort when urged by the artist to purchase another of his pictures, took him to a room where there was a pile of his landscapes, "Why, look ye, Dick," said he, "you know I wish to oblige, but see, there are all the pictures I have paid you for these three years!"

Not either able to make his way by his pictures, or to make a way for them by his address, which was probably not over-courteous even in his happier days, he sunk into dire poverty, and when at last fortune turned, (not by increase of popularity but by a legacy of a small estate in Wales, which was left him by a brother,) he had but few days and feeble health wherewith to enjoy it. But for the post of librarian to the Royal Academy, this fine painter might possibly have died of starvation, long before the turn came; as it was he died in what for him was prosperity, loved and respected by all who dwelt around him. The place of his death was Llanverris, and the date May, 1782.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

"Gainsborough, the equal and rival of Reynolds, is more contemplative and poetical in his portrait-art; if not absolutely perhaps so high a master, he was certainly more large-minded and versatile."—W. M. Rossetti.

"There is something of the morning in Gainsborough's tints; of the sunset in Sir Joshua's."—F. T. Palgrave.

IVE Tom a holiday." The Reverend Humphry Burroughs, master of the Grammar School, looked at the slip of paper which the boy held out to him. There was no deception. Those were the firm commercial characters of his relation, the worthy clothier and crape-maker; and error was not to be thought of. Yet for all that the words were forgeries, and no doubt master Thomas Gainsborough congratulated himself highly on the excellence of his contrivance as he rambled off with his sketch-book under his arm deep into the Sudbury woods, whose oaks and elms he had so often copied. At first sight, the strict mercantile probity of Mr. Gainsborough *père* might well sigh over this fatal facility of the son who contrived so cleverly to procure his "absence without leave." "Tom will one day be hanged," he exclaimed, with genuine paternal prescience. His opinion was, however, somewhat modified by the numerous drawings brought back in the evening by the truant forger. His after judgment was—"Tom will be a genius."

And a genius he was. He never attained to the elevation of the gallows,

but contented himself with being the rival of Reynolds, and at least the second of the great portrait-painters of the English School. How, in his fifteenth year, he came to London; how he studied with Mr. Gravelot the engraver, and Mr. Hayman the historical painter; how, despairing to reach the prevailing standard "so laudably established by picture-dealers, picture-cleaners, picture-frame makers, *and other connoisseurs*," he struck out a style of his own; how he was persecuted by a parasite Mæcenas, one Thicknesse, the Governor of Languard Fort; how painting "chiefly in the face way," he excelled nevertheless in landscape and rustic figures; how he delighted in music; how he refused to depict the dimple in the chin of a great personage, and found her beautiful Grace of Devonshire "too hard for him;" how he died at last with the name of Vandyck upon his lips, and Reynolds bending at his bedside;—all these things, his follies and his excellences, are written in the small volume which contains the life of Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.,* and which a lazy reader may read through in half an hour.

A strangely genial, generous, contradictory, capricious, impulsive, loveable creature he seems to have been, this famous artist, and doubtless gave no small trouble to the dear Margaret, by whose side he sat at nights making sketch after sketch, which he flung carelessly under the table. She was of royal blood, they say, and not a little proud of the equivocal distinction. "I have some right to this," she told a lady, excusing some slight extravagance of dress; "I have some right to this, for you know, my love, I am a prince's daughter." There is a charming story in the life of the little quarrels of the pair. "Whenever Gainsborough spoke crossly to his wife, a remarkably sweet-tempered woman," says Mr. Fulcher, "he would write a note of repentance, sign it with the name of his favourite dog, 'Fox,' and address it to his Margaret's pet spaniel 'Tristram.' Fox would take the note in his mouth, and duly deliver it to Tristram. Margaret would then answer, 'My own dear Fox, you are always loving and good, and I am a naughty little

* Life by G. W. Fulcher, 1856.

female ever to worry you, as I too often do, so we will kiss and say no more about it; your own affectionate Tris.'"

That the easily-wrought painter required plenty of latitude, we have little doubt. Hayman had spoilt him as a lad. "Gay, very gay, and good looking," was the judgment of a lady who remembered him in Sudbury, to which place he came attired in a suit of drab with laced ruffles and cocked hat, and taught them to drink deep ere he departed. In his enthusiastic moments he flung his money and his pictures right and left. Once, in a burst of musical admiration he "gave Colonel Hamilton the 'Boy at the Stile,' for playing one solo on the violin." The little trifles which never worried the equal-minded Reynolds, were a source of continual annoyance to him, yet in great things he was undisturbed. He was as willing to forgive as to offend. Painting excepted, his chief taste was music; for the rest, his learning was the volume of nature, he said. "Finally," writes Northcote, "he was a natural gentleman, and with all his simplicity he had wit too."

"Gainsborough was the first painter in England who felt the loveliness of landscape; he was the first painter in Europe who felt the charms of innocent poverty."* He found both at home. He never left the country, nor was he influenced by much study of the ancients, like Reynolds and Wilson. He was emphatically a son of the soil—a child of the Sudbury woods. Claude and others dominated Wilson. Gainsborough is as far from Claude as he is from Turner. He beat his music out of nature, and never troubled himself as to how he did it so that it came right. His landscapes are filled with the inexplicable "That" which can no more be acquired than defined. Slight in execution, aiming rather at effect than finish, he sent his intent like an arrow to the canvass, striking the mark almost as he touched the string. His landscapes will not bear the scrutiny of botanical lenses; but they have a genuine atmosphere, a fidelity to the spirit rather than the form of nature, which distinguish them from every other man's work, even more than the

* F. T. Palgrave.

III.

THE BROOK BY THE WAY.

BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R. A.

In the National Collection at the South Kensington Museum.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY J. C. BENTLEY.

inevitable cart or white animal which always finds place in them. The *matutini rores* lie thick upon his rushy, splashy grasses, the *auræ salubres* sigh through the blowsy, spongy trees; we feel the air upon our foreheads, and we know that this painter was one of the spirits who, loving nature in his own simple fashion, was not betrayed by her.

A genial naturalness and frankness of work, a happy guessing seems to distinguish all he does. There is a sun-warmed, air-fed something about all his rustic figures which is infinitely charming. Compare for a moment his "Cottage Girl" (she has a broken pitcher too) with the famous "Cruche cassée" of Greuze. The work of the Frenchman is as clever as a chapter of Sterne. The grace is a carefully trained exotic, matured of corset makers, nurtured of hair-dressers, and just worked sufficiently not to disguise the half-veiled *double-entendre*,—the barren dreary story of the slit in the petticoat. "*Couvrez ce sein que je ne saurois voir*," one could say with Tartuffe, and yet avoid hypocrisy. The beautiful girlish head is spoiled. It is "Faublas" bound with the "Nouvelle Heloise," and labelled "Paul and Virginia"—this simplicity of Greuze. But look, on the other hand, at the picture of Gainsborough, "this wild, wayside creature," with her broken pitcher, and the dear little dog under her arm. No *arrière pensée* here—absolutely nothing in the pitcher but spring water. This is just a cottage girl—who knows what the birds say when they gossip overhead—who loves the lustre of the leaves and the waving of the branches without thinking why she does so,—for whom the well has never been a mirror, and to whom the woods suggest no covert caresses of *Amants cachés* or *Amants surpris*. Wordsworth might have sung as Gainsborough has painted her.

It is worth noting here, however, that the rusticity of the little woman is Gainsborough's own. Rustic she is undoubtedly, as we get her; but in the story of the picture it is stated that she was not a peasant, but a young lady; the same, in fact, who sat for the famous "Girl and Pigs," for which Reynolds gave the painter one hundred guineas.

But, however successful he was in landscape and fancy pictures it will probably be by his portraits that he will be best remembered. He looked upon himself as a portrait painter, if we may believe the oft-quoted words to Reynolds, "We are all going to heaven and Vandyck is of the company." His last work was a portrait. His landscapes he could not sell; they stood ranged in long lines from his hall to his painting-room; and the visitors to his studio only glanced at them *en passant*. Hogarth was right when he made his monkey in the caricature devote all his attention to this one healthy branch of the moribund tree of painting.

His style was swift, sure, and firm; he worked rather by sudden flashes than repeated touches. His portraits want the sumptuous colouring, the creamy texture of Reynolds; but, say Messrs. Redgrave, "they contrast with the latter in being more silvery and pure." "His figures are surrounded by air and light, and his portraits generally are easy and graceful without affectation." Let us add that they suffer less from time. Perhaps the most celebrated is the famous "Blue Boy,"[1] which appeared in the Exhibition of 1862; an incomparable picture painted to refute the objection of Reynolds to blue in the mass. Judges hold that the difficulty has not been wholly conquered; but the picture remains a masterpiece. In the Scotch National Gallery there is that charming queen of ladies, Mrs. Graham, who made Lord Lynedoch a soldier, and yet makes all lookers lovers. Then there is the wonderful Mrs. Siddons, at South Kensington, who smiles still, despite her frightful head-dress, with a smile as wonderful as Leonardo's. How beautiful this beautiful woman must have been! Were the ways open, and patience endless, it would be instructive to compare her three portraits by Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Lawrence. But there is no space for more than one little anecdote about this one by Gainsborough. He couldn't paint her prettiest feature. After repeated attempts his vexation broke out in a ludicrous "Confound the nose: there's no end to it."

[1] Master Buttall. It is now in the possession of the Marquis of Westminster.

The comparison of Reynolds and Gainsborough has often been essayed—never, we think, successfully effected. It is as unsatisfactory as the eternal likening of Goethe to Schiller, Thackeray to Dickens, Tennyson to Browning. But we may fairly reproduce here some words of Mr. Ruskin,* concerning this pair of noble brothers, which touch, beside, upon a want in their work which may not be neglected. "Meaner men," he says, "their contemporaries or successors, raved of high art with incoherent passion; arrogated to themselves an equality with the masters of elder time, and declaimed against the degenerate tastes of a public which acknowledged not the return of the Heraclidæ. But the two great—the two only painters of their age—happy in a reputation founded as deeply in the heart as in the judgment of mankind, demanded no higher function than that of soothing the domestic affections; and achieved for themselves at last an immortality not the less noble because in their lifetime they had concerned themselves less to claim it than to bestow.

"Yet while we acknowledge the discretion and simple-heartedness of these men, honouring them for both; and the more when we compare their tranquil powers with the hot egotism and hollow ambition of their inferiors: we have to remember, on the other hand, that the measure they thus set to their aim was, if a just, yet a narrow one; that amiable discretion is not the highest virtue, nor to please the frivolous, the best success. There is, probably, some strange weakness in the painter, and some fatal error in the age, when, in thinking over the examples of their greatest work for some type of culminating loveliness or veracity, we remember no expression of religion or heroism, and, instead of reverently naming a Madonna di San Sisto, can only whisper, modestly, 'Mrs. Pelham feeding chickens.'"

* "Sir Joshua and Holbein." Cornhill Magazine, vol. i. p. 322.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"Considered as a painter of individuality in the human form and mind I think him, [*Reynolds*] even as it is, the prince of portrait painters. Titian paints nobler pictures, and Vandyke had nobler subjects; but neither of them entered so subtly as Sir Joshua did into the minor varieties of human heart and temper; . . ."—RUSKIN, "*The Two Paths*," *Lect.* 2.

IN England," wrote Hogarth to Lord Bute, "vanity and selfishness are the ruling passions. Portrait-painting, therefore, has and ever will succeed better in this country than in any other. . . . For historical pictures there never can be any demand, our churches reject them, the nobility prefer foreign productions, and the generality of our rooms are too small to contain them." Of the past, the words were certainly true; and they seemed likely to be true of the future. From the time of Henry the Eighth portrait-painting had been, as we have already pointed out, the sole regarded form of art. The long line of illustrious foreigners—Holbein, Zucchero, Rubens, Vandyck, falling off in Sir Peter Lely, had reached a lower deep in Kneller. From 1674 to 1723 Sir Godfrey reigned, and peopled English houses with endless "anachronisms" in full bottomed wigs and Roman lorics. At his death his mantle fell upon Richardson, who was succeeded by his pupil, Thomas Hudson—in whom portrait-painting may be said to have sunk to its lowest. It was reduced to the merest mechanism. This, the once famous master of his day, could do little more than paint the

head. For the drapery he called in the aid of an assistant, one Vanhaken. To avoid the "tremendous difficulty" of painting the hand he hid it in the waistcoat. The worst of it all was (if Walpole be correct), that the plain country gentlemen, his sitters, were none the wiser. They were fully satisfied with his "honest similitudes" of their wigs and ruddy faces, and wholly approved the "blue velvet coats and white satin waistcoats" with which—Vanhaken *juvante*—he decorated their portly bodies.

Kneller died in 1723. For the hope of art, and the harm of Hudson, there had been born in that same year, at Plympton, in Devonshire, a boy called JOSHUA REYNOLDS, the son of a clergyman, who was also the master of Plympton Grammar School—a man of good parts, but rather versatile than deep. By his parents the boy was destined to the medical profession; and to this end received a fair education which served him well in after days. But he was much given to the making of sketches, "out of pure idleness," the father said; and delighted especially in copying the emblems of Jacob Cats, and the plates in Dryden's Plutarch. At eight he mastered, of his own accord, the then famous "Jesuits' Perspective;" and managed, by its aid, to make a very fair "similitude" of the above-named Grammar School—a building which rested upon columns at the side. Richardson, who wrote better than he painted, had published an essay on the "Theory of Painting." This Joshua got hold of, and it decided the matter. Painting and medicine had, hitherto, been equal to him. After Richardson's praise of Raphael there was no more talk of physic:—

"The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo."

About this time the celebrated Mr. Hudson came to visit Bideford. By the mediation of a friend it was arranged that Joshua should receive the tuition of that illustrious artist; and be boarded, lodged, and instructed for four years. He entered Hudson's house "very sensible of his happiness in being under such a master, in such a city, and in such an employment."

If Joshua Reynolds learned anything in Hudson's studio it was because he was Joshua Reynolds, and not because he was Hudson's pupil. After an apprenticeship of two years and some months he parted from his master, in consequence, possibly, of some dispute, and set up for himself in Devonport. Here he painted portraits, many of which are still preserved in the neighbourhood. Even at this period his style was far superior to Hudson's, whose defects he possessed only in a minor degree. Something of this is perhaps to be attributed to the precepts of an indolent hand-to-mouth Bohemian—William Gandy of Exeter, whom he knew at this time. A saying of his that "a painting should always have a richness in its texture as if the colours had been composed of cream and cheese" is often quoted in description of Reynolds's later manner.

In 1747 he returned to London. In 1749, by the kindness of Commodore Keppel, he was enabled to compass his great desire, and go to Rome. His first impressions of Raphael and Michael Angelo, it is well known, were not satisfactory. But he was too wise to believe that this was his superiority and not his misfortune. Already he had found out his impulse and range. "I took a course," he says afterwards in the Discourses, "suited to my abilities, and the taste of the time in which I lived." He set to work vigorously, not to imitate or reproduce the old masters, which he considered "delusive industry," but to master their *modus operandi*, their methods of light and shade, of composition, of colouring, in so far as, from his portrait-painter's point of view, these might be modified to suit the works he believed it to be in his power to produce. From Michael Angelo he learned breadth and dignity of composition, from the Venetians colour and chiaro-oscuro. When he returned to England it was to inaugurate a system of colouring the reverse of that of Kneller and his disciples, and to exercise henceforth in his own walk an influence which was felt far into the present century.

He painted several portraits in his new manner, and despite the prognostics of the connoisseurs who classed Kneller in painting with Shakes-

peare in poetry, succeeded. One of his earliest efforts was a portrait of Commodore Keppel, which established his reputation. From that time commissions crowded upon him, and his life was almost an unbroken success. "Reynolds is without a rival," writes Johnson to Baretti, nine years afterwards. "Reynolds gets six thousands a-year," he tells him in a subsequent letter.

There was little change or diversity in his future life. Beyond his election as President of the Royal Academy in 1768, when he was knighted, and when he composed his celebrated Discourses, there is hardly a noteworthy incident in it. "*Pinxit*" is its story. He painted with unflagging industry, perseverance, and enthusiasm until his sight failed him in 1789. On the evening of February 23, 1792, he died. He was never married. Fair Angelica Kauffmann, says rumour, was not indifferent to him, but it has not recorded any return upon his side.

It belongs to Reynolds especially to have obeyed the dictates of his own genius in the face of the prevailing taste; to have substituted splendid colouring for the spiritless mannerism of his popular rivals; to have introduced into portrait-painting an endless grace and a variety of treatment which make his portraits of private individuals the objects of public interest; and above all belongs to him the

> "Curious eye
> That saw the manners in the face,"

and the hand that painted character rather than feature. No pictures of men are more marked, more manly and individual; no women sweeter, fairer, more tinged with the "*douce mélancolie*" of tender things. And his children,—whose are more childlike, more innocent, more natural? Add to this that there is a look of distinction about everything he does. His portraits have all the "*bel air*"—like Henry Esmond. To wander through a gallery of them is to wander through a court where the manners are sweet, because of goodness; and graceful without effort, because the grace is inborn.

He had his faults, of course. One was weakness of drawing, which he was never able to correct. Again, his "manner," as he termed it, did not admit of much finish; and hence Mr. Ruskin says that although never devoid of grace and power, exclusively its own, yet it is at its best only magnificent sketching. Another reproach frequently made, even during his lifetime, is that his colours are perishable. It was another necessity of his mode of work. Always tentative, always experimenting, he was for ever seeking the lost secret of the Venetian colourists, and trying new vehicles and new pigments. Many of his best works have, in consequence, failed entirely.* We must console ourselves with the saying of Sir G. Beaumont, that "a faded picture from Reynolds will be the finest thing we can have." Gainsborough held the same opinion.

"Reynolds is not good in history," says Byron of the "Ugolino," between a record of "Drunk some Seltzer water" and "Tore my new coat." We venture to re-echo the opinion. The labour his historical and sacred pictures cost him seems to us to prove conclusively that he was working out of his *métier*. There were nine or ten pictures under the "Infant Hercules," he said, "some better and some worse." He could not work poorly or badly, but these viewed with his other works are unsatisfactory. By his portraits he stands or falls, and fall he will not. He painted "gentlemen and ladies," says the author of "Modern Painters," "but neither heroes, saints, nor angels."

The famous "Marlborough Family," of which we give a copy, well exemplifies the grace of his grouping and general composition. An anecdote about it illustrates his readiness to turn any chance circumstance to advantage. Little Lady Ann (who clings to the skirts of the standing figure) clung to her nurse, and cried out "I won't be painted." Sir Joshua sketched her so, and to account for her alarm, introduced the elder sister in front of her, holding up a mask before her face. The incident was borrowed from an antique gem.

* See background of "Holy Family" in the Kensington Museum.

IV.

THE MARLBOROUGH FAMILY.

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P. R. A.

In the possession of the Duke of Marlborough, at Blenheim.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY C. TURNER.

But in order to see Reynolds in reality, nothing but a visit to the South Kensington Museum will suffice. For his men, there is the "Portrait of Wyndham," the "Portrait of an Officer," the inimitable "Lord Heathfield." Conceive for a moment the firm-footed, watchful, stern old warrior, standing out from sulphurous smoke of artillery, with the key-chain of the "key of the Mediterranean" twisted round his wrist; and think how Ellis or Hudson or Kneller would have painted him. For his children, look at the "Age of Innocence," the "Infant Samuel," the charming "Heads of Angels." And stop at last before the "Graces decorating a Statue of Hymen." It matters nothing to us now which of these three Miss Montgomeries was the Marchioness Townsend, which the Honourable Mrs. Gardener, and which the Honourable Mrs. Beresford. It is sufficient that into these three Reynolds has put his idea of women; that they are women such as he, and none but he, could paint. They are all beautiful, all inimitably graceful. But a flutter in the tress of one, a hurry in the drapery of another, carry us at once to the superb standing figure of the triad, who lifts a garland in her upraised arms with an unsurpassable dignity of gesture. The lithe, graceful form, the averted head, the delicate queenly face, all go to make up one of those earthly goddesses who compel men's knees to do obsequious homage. "No man," said Reynolds, "put more into a head than he had in his own." But what a tender grace, what a delicate modesty, what an unfeigned gallantry, what a woman there must have been in this painter of women!

Had he not all this?—this man whom Burke, whom Johnson, whom Goldsmith loved? His latest biographers * have cleared him from the aspersions of Allan Cunningham, and the half-sincerities of Northcote. Let us remember him now by the verdict of his friends. "If I should lose you," wrote Johnson, in 1764, with one of the bursts through that hardgrained nature of his that startle like a tear, "I should lose almost the only man whom I call a friend." Twenty years later he calls him "one of his oldest and

* Mr. Leslie and Mr. Tom Taylor.

kindest friends." The testimonies to his courtesy, charity, benevolence, goodness, modesty, lie everywhere. "Reynolds," writes Burke to Barry in 1767, "still keeps that superiority over the rest which he always had from his genius, sense, and morals." "His natural humility and candour," he says again, "never forsook him."

They made him a knight—this famous painter; they buried him "with an Empire's lamentation;" but nothing honours him more than the "folio English Dictionary of the last revision," which Johnson left to him in his will; the dedication that poor loving Goldsmith placed in the "Deserted Village;" and the tears which five years after his death even Burke could not forbear to shed over his memory.

GEORGE MORLAND.

"He is the greatest artist who has embodied in the sum of his work the greatest number of the greatest ideas."—RUSKIN.

THERE are few sadder lives on record than that of George Morland, and if it were not that his life illustrates to a certain extent his art we would willingly forbear to re-tell the sorrowful tale. No theory of art in the abstract, as a thing entirely apart from morality, can prevent practically every manifestation of it from producing a moral effect, either good or bad. The artist, will he nill he, is a teacher and a preacher from the very fact of the publicity which attends his work. Whether the end of art be to convey "noble pleasure" as some have it, or "pleasure" simply as others, or to embody "beauty" or "noble beauty," or to "excite the imagination," or to depict "truth," or to promulgate "noble ideas,"—whatever be the avowed or proper object of art (and no two people seem quite agreed upon the subject), there can be no doubt that no artist has ever lived who has not considered at some time or other, not only what should be his aim, but what effect the works which he is doing is likely to produce. Whatever effect he may, or may wish to produce, there is no doubt that some effect, moral or otherwise, will be produced, and that the artist must be conscious of this, what to us seems a grave responsibility. If there was ever a man totally unconscious of it and careless of any responsibility, this man was George Morland, and if there ever was a painter whose works produced no appreciable moral effect one way or another, this man was also George Morland.

In every human being there is a contest continually going on between the higher and the lower nature, and this contest is the fiercer, *cæteris paribus*, as the necessity for the predominance of the higher nature is more pressing. To an ordinary man, who has only to live and die as he likes, and has, as it were, only to keep his accounts with himself and his family, the contest, though it may be great, is not necessarily so; but a schoolmaster, let us say, or a moralist, has his accounts to settle with a large public body here, and cannot easily lose sight of a mightier tribunal hereafter, and so has either to strive earnestly to make his conduct match his eminence and profession, or utterly to lose his self-respect. Though we should be the last to allow that the distinctive aim of an artist was to excel as a schoolmaster and a moralist, they cannot, and if they are noble they will not seek to escape from the responsibility which attaches to their position as men who exercise a large influence over their fellow men. As a rule artists, that is, poets in prose and verse, as well as painters, are, we believe, men of pure and noble aims, and fully (often painfully) conscious of this responsibility; and it is a frequent attribute of the "painful crown of art" that the fervid artistic temperament is allied to a fervidly passionate physique. Thus it is that we find the greatest of all mental conflicts of the kind we are alluding to tormenting, to their pain and often to our delight, the most gloriously gifted men. So true is it that both their capabilities and their temptations are greater than those of other men, that they seem to be removed away altogether from the common standard of humanity, a demi-god race that are not to be judged according to the standard of ordinary men. If there ever was a genius who never experienced such a contest or who had nothing of the demi-god about him, it was George Morland.

If the power to express great ideas is a necessary qualification for an artist, we fear that George Morland was no artist at all. It seems almost impossible that he could ever have had a great idea. From the accounts that have descended respecting him he seems to have been a *lusus naturæ*, a kind

of animal, little differing, except in form, from a learned pig, a gross animal with nothing human about him but a love for strong drink and painting. Most geniuses when they become degraded may be said to have fallen lamentably from their "high estate," but if there ever was a genius whose "high estate" was a kennel, that genius was George Morland.

How all this was possible is not perhaps so difficult to explain as it would seem. If there is one more effectual way than another to ruin a man early it is to keep him tied with unreasoning strictness as a boy and youth, especially, we think, if he has no very strong natural character. In Morland's case the danger of this training was heightened by being under the control of a father who was almost an old man when his son was born. The stories which are told of his young days are almost enough to account for utter demoralization at an early age.

He was born on the 26th of June, 1763, the son of an unsuccessful artist of fifty-two. His precocity seems to have excelled even that of Lawrence. It is said he drew well at four years old, and at ten he gained reputation by sketches exhibited at the Royal Academy. At fourteen he was articled to his father, who seems to have shut him up and forced his talent, we will hope with the intention of improving him in his art, but it is asserted that his father's object was partly mercenary, and that then and until he was nineteen he was used as a family sketching machine to produce money, and allowed little or no liberty and exercise. This account, however, is probably exaggerated, and his father must have taken great pains to teach him drawing and painting, German and Flemish pictures being the principal models. It is stated that at an early age he was accustomed to outwit his father by lowering sketches to an accomplice out of the window. The friend sold them, and young Morland, descending at night from his window, would spend the money in debauchery at a low public-house. Whatever be the truth about such tales, there can, we think, be no doubt that his mere manual dexterity was cultivated at the expense of all other growth, mental and

moral, and that having no associates allowed him and no taste to select them, he soon became a constant companion of the lowest of the low. At nineteen he rebelled against the paternal tyranny, and gave himself up to the grossest indulgence. And even from this slight sketch we have given of his life till that time we do not think any of our readers will be much surprised at the sad result of it. There was enough bad training to corrupt a naturally noble mind, but whether his mind was naturally noble or not there is no means of ascertaining; if it were, the sparks of nobleness were most effectually stamped out, for scarce a scintillation of anything of the sort ever lightened his after-career.

At nineteen he was let loose on the world, an animal and a pampered animal, for they say that he was allowed indulgences by his father in meat and drink to coax him to work—an animal with nothing to support himself with, or to cling to the skirts of humanity by, but a talent for painting. Art, like beauty, though capable of being employed to the noblest ends, is also capable of being degraded to the very lowest. The lowest to which they can both be degraded is the mere object of obtaining money. To this the genius of Morland was prostituted almost from the commencement. He soon found men, or more probably men soon found him, who were only too willing to supply him with means for indulging in coarse pleasures (the only ones which he had learnt to love,) in return for his pictures. In the house of one of these men he lived until his proprietor had extracted from his genius sufficient pictures to make an exhibition by themselves, "to which the price of admittance was half-a-crown."

Twice, for a short time during his short life did he escape from this and similar miserable thraldom. Once a lady found him employment in taking miniature portraits, but he soon rebelled against the trammels of prudence, and went back to his wallow in the mire. Again, he fell in love with a sister of his friend William Ward, the mezzotint engraver, whom he married in 1786; but after his marriage he soon relapsed, never to get out again from the slough.

V.

THE VILLAGE THATCHER.

BY GEORGE MORLAND.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY WILLIAM MORLAND.

Yet, strange to say, his talents grew; and, in 1790, and the two following years, he produced his best works. Then his wonderful constitution began to fail him, and he sunk lower and lower, his excesses increasing daily. But yet his industry never flagged; for that pack of bloodhounds that followed his genius almost from his cradle to his grave were ever at his heels urging him on. The number of works he produced was almost incredible. He lived almost entirely in his painting room, seldom even eating his meals with his wife. At seven in the morning he would breakfast off beef steak and onions, with porter and gin; he cooked his own dinner himself, and would "eat it off a chair by the side of his easel; while in the same apartment were to be seen dogs of various kinds, pigeons flying, and pigs running about. During the whole day he swallowed all kinds of strong liquors; tea he could not drink, but when invited to partake of this refreshment he would shake his head and say it was very pernicious, and made his hand shake."

As it was for the advantage of his numerous creditors that he should be at large, he was not arrested till 1799, though the fear of arrest hung over his head all his life. In 1802 he was released under the Insolvent Debtors' Act. But now his health and heart were broken; and, in 1804, being again arrested for a publican's score, he drank an enormous quantity of spirits and died, after eight days of delirium, in the forty-second year of his age. His wife died four days afterwards.

After reading such a life we not only wonder that he could have produced works of great merit, but that he should have produced works of any merit at all. But despite all, we find him to be one of the most original and remarkable of our painters. He was the first English painter who in his landscapes showed a complete emancipation from foreign models; the more obvious features of the country he seized and pourtrayed with marvellous truth and force; and in dexterous drawing and painting of the lower and rougher kind of animals he has scarcely ever been equalled. A published

series of facsimile sketches by him of dogs, and pigs, and rabbits, are masterly examples of how truthful an effect can be produced by a few broad strokes.

The predominant feelings left in the mind with regard to him are pity and wonder. Pity for a genius used so vilely both by himself and others—pity for a man who never seems to have had a chance of developing into a sensible and healthy being—pity for the world that so precious a talent should have been so wasted. Wonder that there is yet much in his works to please and admire—wonder that there is so little in them to shock or disgust—wonder, in a speculative sense, as to what he might have produced if his genius had had a fairer chance of healthy development.

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY.

"He who walks humbly with Nature will seldom be in danger of losing sight of Art."

RUSKIN.

BORN the year before West, and also in America, Copley is another instance of the apparent caprice of Nature in producing artists. All our first English Painters were to a great extent self-educated, and the spontaneous growth of their genius was fettered rather than fostered by the then prevalent ideas on the subject of Art. In other cases, though, there were some artificial means of education, however indifferent, available; but in the case of West and Copley there were absolutely no means, as far as we are aware.

Copley was not, we think, on the whole, possessed of greater powers than West; but fortunately he was not led away, like West, to paint subjects far above his abilities. Copley was the superior in many qualities, he was more vigorous, more manly, less affected; and his works, though never rising to a high level, have therefore a more sterling value, which will cause their author to retain a more unfluctuating and honourable position amongst the painters of our school.

As a portrait-painter, though he cannot be compared with Reynolds or Gainsborough, or even Romney, either for colour or for poetical treatment, he yet holds a high place. As a painter of contemporary history, he is,

though this is in itself but slender praise, the best example in the English School.

Following the lead set him by West, in his picture of the "Death of Wolfe," he soon identified himself as *the* painter of contemporary incidents of history, and produced works which are valuable, both from a historical and an artistic point of view. West was indeed the first to paint a scene from modern English history as it really might have happened, but he seems to have been frightened by his own daring attempt; and, like a boy who strikes a vigorous and telling blow at the face of the bully of the school and then—runs away, West recoiled with his first blow at false Art, and spent the rest of his days in increasing its reputation.

West was the more fortunate man of the two. Though born the year after Copley, he had been established in great fame in England for twelve years before Copley arrived, and though it is doubtful whether West's longer stay in Italy was of much value to him as an artist, he had spent three years there, whereas Copley had spent but one. But Copley has this endurable advantage over West, that he always kept sight of the fundamental truth that Nature is the true starting-point of Art. Throughout his career he painted as honestly and truthfully as he could, and was never led away by false notions of "high Art" to desert the straightforward promptings of his genius.

That he was not, however, without feeling for the noblest works of art is shown by the accompanying extract from a letter from Rome, written in 1775. "Having seen the Roman School, and the wonderful efforts of genius exhibited by Grecian artists, I now wish to see the Venetian and Flemish schools; there is a luxury in seeing, as well as there is in eating and drinking; the more we indulge the less we are restrained; and indulgence in Art I think innocent and laudable . . . . Art is in its utmost perfection here; a mind susceptible of the fine feelings which Art is calculated to excite, will find abundance of pleasure in this country. The Apollo, the

Laocoon, &c., leave nothing for the human mind to wish for; more cannot be effected by the genius of man than what is happily combined in those miracles of the chisel."

Copley was born at Boston, in July 1737; his father was English and his mother Irish. He established a reputation in Boston as a portrait-painter, and sent several of his works across the water to the Royal Academy in London, where they drew attention. But not content with the limited field of Boston, and thirsting for a sight of the masterpieces of Europe, he, after a correspondence with West on the subject, left Boston in 1774, for London. Thence he went to the Continent, and returned to England at the latter end of 1775, when West introduced him to the Academy. In 1777 he was elected an Associate, and in 1783 a full Academician.

He was content to paint the usual portraits or portrait-compositions till 1778, when an event occurred of some importance in English history. In this year William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, in the middle of a speech opposing the taxation of the American Colonies fell senseless in the House of Lords. This subject was one eminently calculated to attract a portrait-painter who was born in America, and afforded a fine opportunity for him to advance his standard into the domain of history. The fine work which Copley produced is too well known to need comment here. He exhibited it by itself, and obtained a wide fame amongst all classes. The picture was engraved by Bartolozzi, and 2500 copies of the engraving are said to have been sold in a few weeks.

In 1781 another incident occurred which enabled him to push his way still farther into historic ground. This was the victory of Major Pierson over the French troops who had invaded Jersey, and forced the Lieutenant-Governor to sign a capitulation. Major Pierson was unfortunately shot in the moment of victory. Of his death, and the instant way in which it was avenged by his black servant, Copley made a picture which is the finest of his works which we have seen. With his usual honesty of purpose he went

to St. Helier's, and made drawings of the locality. Indeed, he appears to have sketched the picture there. The moment chosen is when the dead form of the major is being raised from the ground; the helplessness and dead weight of the body is finely shown by the way in which the head and shoulders hang downwards from the arms of those who are raising it hurriedly, a position not only painfully true, but valuable in an artistic point of view. Behind him is his black servant, with his gun at his shoulder, while in the distance the object of his vengeance is seen falling. On the right hand ladies and children are hastening away with frightened faces.

Copley's next large picture was "Charles I. demanding, in the House of Commons, the five Impeached Members," which was exhibited in Spring Gardens. Then the City of London commissioned him to paint the "Repulse and Defeat of the Spanish Floating Batteries at Gibraltar." This vast work is twenty-five feet long, and twenty-two feet and a-half high, but it is not yet big enough for the composition of the artist, the figures on the sea appearing dwarfed. Allan Cunningham boldly says that there is a want of true perspective. Messrs. Redgrave, on the other hand, say, "It is boldly conceived, uniting an action on the sea with one on shore, the difficulty of the two planes being well overcome, by placing the military on the raised platform of the fort. The sailors are thus sufficiently removed into the distance, although close to the bottom of the picture, and the figures in the naval action reduced to about half life-size." Whether or not the perspective is true, (and we would rather take the opinion of Messrs. Redgrave than that of Mr. Allan Cunningham on such a point,) the illusion is not perfect, we think, to the ordinary spectator.

The scene is thus described by Allan Cunningham. "In this great picture, as in his others, he (Copley) introduced many portraits; the gallant Lord Heathfield himself is foremost in the scene of death, and near him appear Sir Robert Boyd, Sir William Green, chief engineer, and others, to the amount of a dozen or fifteen. The fire of the artillery has slackened; the

VI.

THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTER.

BY JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, R.A.

In Guildhall, London.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY M. SHARP.

floating batteries, on whose roofs thirteen-inch shells and showers of thirty-two pound balls had fallen harmless at ten o'clock in the forenoon, are now sending up flames on all sides, whilst their mariners are leaping in scores into the sea."

Though, we think, not successful in its general effect, the picture contains a vast amount of good honest work. A drawing or two now in the South Kensington Museum of some of the most distant figures in the naval action show the care with which every part was studied.

This picture was exhibited in St. James Park, and "drew" large numbers of spectators, and it is said that the clear profits of exhibiting this picture and "The Death of Chatham," amounted to £5000.

In addition to the historical pictures already mentioned, may be mentioned, "The Assassination of Buckingham," "The Battle of the Boyne," and "The Battle of La Hogue," which, with many other similar works, and a number of portraits, occupied the painter till his death in 1815.

A very amusing story, illustrative at once of the slowness of his manner and of his conscientiousness, is retold by Messrs. Redgrave. "Mr. Serjeant, an American painter, says, 'He painted a very beautiful head of my mother, who told me that she sat to him fifteen or sixteen times, six hours at a time; and that once she had been sitting to him for many hours, when he left the room for a few minutes, but requested she would not move from her seat during his absence. She had the curiosity, however, to peep at the picture, and to her astonishment she found it all rubbed out.'" The American does not, however, say whether or not this was the first occasion of her sitting to him.

Perhaps, not the least important work of which he was the *author* (to borrow a joke from Hood) was his son Lord Lyndhurst.

GEORGE HENRY HARLOW.

"I study Nature, she is the best guide. There is a perspective both in colour, and light, and shade, as well as form, that is not sufficiently studied by the generality. In the present day, although an object be at a distance, it must be made distinct; this is called Art, but I call it very vitiated taste. This accounts for much of that hardness and rigidity of style now so often seen; and for that prettiness which is no other than miniature painting in oil. There are some students at the Academy who will sit down to a hand or a foot and work over it for a month or six weeks. That is not what I consider a study of the antique, but a waste of time; a labour by mechanical effect to produce a high finish. I know that when the drawings of the students are brought before the council, Sir Thomas Lawrence very closely examines the extremities of the limbs. But let them study well the outline of the figure, under its varied characters by position, and they will become familiar with form. And as to light and shadow, let them take a ball for a model, and it will teach them light, shadow, and half-tint to perfection."—STOTHARD.

THIS protest against the method of teaching art in his day makes one wish that Stothard had had more influence in the Academy than Sir Thomas Lawrence. Little good instruction was to be learnt from the knight, of whom it may be said that his most noticeable and popular qualities were the least worthy of imitation, and who, viewed together with his influence on painting in England, may be likened to a pretty but useless plant, which not only monopolises the soil but drains it of its virtue to produce nobler growths.

But while we regret the undue influence of Sir Thomas Lawrence in his day, we must be careful of charging him with doing more harm than we can

prove; and in the case of Harlow, one of his pupils, the effect of his influence for evil is very doubtful. Of direct tuition, good or bad, he, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, seems to have been very chary; he allowed his pupils the inestimable benefit of the run of his studio, permitted them to copy his pictures as much as they chose, and made use of them to do his coarser work as far as their talents would allow; but this was all. By catching the words that fell in ordinary conversation from his courtly lips, by seeing his elegant fingers at work at his masterpieces, they had as fair a chance as he could allow them of catching the priceless secrets of his art, but he ever surrounded himself with that sacred cloud which should keep off the profane from the inner mysteries which are revealed to the High Priest alone.

Besides this, Sir Thomas and Harlow soon quarrelled about the painting of a dog introduced into one of Sir Thomas's pictures, but which Harlow had sketched in dead colour. Sir Thomas gained great praise for the quadruped, and took credit for it as his due. Harlow, on the contrary, did not scruple to hint that the dog was *his* breeding, if Sir Thomas was the fortunate possessor, and he was foolish enough to go to the Angersteins (it was in Mrs. Angerstein's portrait that the famous animal was introduced) and claim it for his own. In consequence of which Sir Thomas informed him, "That as the animal you claim is among the best things I ever painted, of course you have no need of further instructions from me." So Harlow left, and revenged himself by painting a signboard at Epsom, and signed it T. L. with the address of Sir Thomas.

When, however, we find on the other hand that Harlow was much influenced by Lawrence's work, and at first was little better than his imitator, and in the latter days of his short life showed signs of a truer style, it becomes very difficult to judge either of the extent of his genius, or whether or not Sir Thomas had any hand in retarding its development.

At all events there are two things to be regretted: first, that he had not a better school of instruction; and secondly, that he did not live long enough

to show the length and breadth of his powers. But everything about Harlow is unsatisfactory and unfortunate.

He was a posthumous child, and the only son out of six children. His mother was left well off, and no doubt Harlow was spoilt from infancy both by his mother and his sisters. He showed such a decided bent for an artist's life that his mother allowed him to devote himself to it, and placed him first with Henry de Cort, a Dutchman; afterwards with Drummond, and finally with Sir Thomas Lawrence. With Lawrence he stayed only eighteen months. The story we have just told, if it can be entirely relied upon, shows much of the overweening conceit and ill-regulated temper of a spoilt child. After leaving Lawrence's studio he plunged into extravagance and excess, disdaining study as unnecessary to a man of his genius, and seeking for himself the reputation of a clever profligate; one which seems to have a peculiar charm for spoilt children of genius.

He seems—and this is remarkable, considering his little study and his want both of industry and popularity—to have been considered clever, for when he offered himself as a candidate for an Associateship of the Royal Academy, Fuseli, the only man who dared to vote for him, excused himself on the plea that he voted for the talent and not the man.

He affected the society of actors, of many of whom he made portraits; and, though disowned by the Academy, appears to have found plenty of employment, and despite all things to have made some progress in historic art; but of those early attempts we have seen none and cannot therefore judge. From his picture of the "Trial of Queen Catherine," we should not argue that they were characterised by any extraordinary merit.

This picture is, however, a remarkable one in its way, and in its design and execution not unworthy of its subject, if we consider that subject as the Kemble family performing in "Henry VIII." It has no pretensions of an historical or imaginative character.

VII.

THE TRIAL OF QUEEN CATHERINE.

BY GEORGE HENRY HARLOW.

In the possession of Mr. Morrison, of Basildon Park.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY GEORGE CLINT, A.R.A.

Knowles in his Life of Fuseli, R.A., gives the following story respecting the influence of the Swiss artist on this picture:—

"In the year 1807, Fuseli sat, at my request, to Harlow for his portrait; which is on panel of a cabinet size. This eminent painter was highly gratified by the compliment, and exerted every faculty to do his best. Fuseli obliged him and me, by giving for this picture twelve sittings of two hours each; and a more perfect resemblance, or characteristic portrait, has seldom been painted. I attended Fuseli at each sitting; and during the progress of this portrait, Harlow commenced and finished his last and most esteemed work, "The Trial of Queen Caroline," in which he introduced many portraits, but more particularly those of the Kemble family. In the performance of this work, he owed many obligations to Fuseli for his critical researches; for when he first saw the picture, chiefly in dead colouring, he said, "I do not disapprove of the general arrangement of your work, and I see you will give it a powerful effect of light and shadow; but you have here a composition of more than twenty figures, or, I should rather say, parts of figures, because you have not shown one leg or foot, which makes it very defective. Now, if you do not know how to draw legs and feet I will show you;" and taking up a crayon he drew two on the wainscot of the room. Harlow profited by these remarks, and the next time we saw the picture the whole arrangement in the foreground was changed. Fuseli then said, "So far you have done well; but now you have not introduced a back figure, to throw the eye of the spectator into the picture; and then pointed out by what means he might improve it in this particular. Accordingly, Harlow introduced the two boys who are taking up the cushion, that which shows the back is altogether due to Fuseli, and is certainly the best drawn figure in the picture. Fuseli afterwards attempted to get him to improve the drawing of the arms of the principal object, Mrs. Siddons, who is represented as Queen Catherine, but without much effect, particularly the left; and after having witnessed many ineffectual attempts of the painter to accomplish this, he

desisted; and remarked, 'It is a pity that you never attended the Antique Academy!'"

Harlow was now thirty, and had in a great measure relinquished the absurdities of his youth; he had sown his wild oats; the days of his extravagance, his licentiousness, to a great extent, of his arrogance and vanity, were over, and he determined to go to Rome to study the art of drawing the figure and the great masterpieces of European art. He made a fine copy of "The Transfiguration of Raphael," gained the appreciation of Canova, was introduced to the Pope, and was elected a member of the academies of St. Luke's and Florence. But shortly after his return, in the beginning of 1819, he was seized with a glandular affection of the throat and died, in the thirty-second year of his age, and was buried under the altar of St. James', Piccadilly.

What he might have been if he had lived can never be known, but there can be little doubt that he would have excelled chiefly in portrait painting. Some of his portraits, especially his small ones, are as good, if not better, than any of his contemporaries could have produced, and are painted with a force and solidity never equalled by his master.

But nothing certain can be said of what he would have done. "He was the most promising of all our painters," said Lawrence after his death, and that is all that could be said.

BENJAMIN WEST.

" The English School certainly owed to West the abandonment of classic costume in the treatment of heroic subjects of our own time; and perhaps also his gentle and dignified life served to set the taste for more refined manners in his brother artists."—REDGRAVE.

ALTHOUGH the sun of West's glory has set, and is not likely to rise again; although no future generation will, we trust, again favourably contrast his works with those of Michael Angelo and Raphael, we should be sorry to touch either upon his works or his life in a manner unfitted to the pure aims of the former, or the calm dignity of the latter. If he was not a great genius, he at least had great talent; and if he was not a master of Art, he at least did her good service in his day. In our increased knowledge of and taste for Art, (things which, according to Mr. Palgrave, are almost synonymous,) we should be careful how we judge of those who lived in a tasteless and ignorant time, and who by their pioneering efforts, however mistaken, have helped to lead us to a surer path. West, indeed, strove to reach the highest summit of Art, and thought wrongly that he had reached it; but we must remember that there were thousands who helped him to his deception, and no one to uncover his eyes; and, at least, he strove—strove, moreover, with better success than any Englishman of his time. Now we know better, and what is the consequence?—that, almost without an exception, we do *not* strive. All can tell how he erred; but since he did so how many

painters have arisen to prove by example how such grand subjects as West chose should have been treated? We can only point to the ancients and say, "We cannot reach them—let us paint something easier." We might almost count on our fingers the number of English pictures which having subjects of equal grandeur with those of West's, can lay claim to greater achievement. West's works are, indeed, colossal warnings against attempting more than our powers can achieve; but while we may properly discourage such efforts in the future, there is nothing to despise in those which he made.

Though our American colonies have not yet established a school of Art, they have contributed several distinguished names to swell the roll of artists in the mother country. West, for instance, and Copley, Newton and Leslie, were all Americans by the place of their birth. Benjamin West was born of Quakers in Pennsylvania, on October 10th, 1738, the youngest of a family of ten. Surely no circumstances of birth could have been less likely to conduce to the production of an artist. The New World was in very truth a new world then, and little cultivated in the arts, without leisure of thought to give to them, without examples to be imitated, and without patrons to encourage. The pilgrim fathers would probably have cast the grain of Art overboard, even if some one of them had thoughtlessly carried such perilous seed on board the "May-flower." Added to all this, the Quakers, in the very midst of whom young Benjamin was born, were perhaps by their principles of all sects the most antagonistic to Art. The giant's feat of squeezing water out of a stone seems nothing in comparison with the miracle of squeezing an artist out of a society of Quakers in Pennsylvania in the middle of the last century.

There were sufficient difficulties in the way, and sufficient portents attending their overthrow, to justify the expectation that the young artist would prove a prodigy. Had he been a greater than Michael Angelo, more mysterious occurrences, more mystical warnings could not have accumulated around him. His early history would seem to belong rather to the

mythical period of old than to the time of our great-grandfathers. A fiery sermon in the fields of Springfield, Pennsylvania, of the class now called "revival," caused his mother to fall shrieking in premature labour, and the preacher, Peckover by name, when after twelve days the infant was born, prophesied that, "sent into the world under such circumstances, he would assuredly prove a wonderful man."

When seven years old, we are told, he sketched in red and black ink his baby-niece, as she smiled in her sleep in the garden, and produced a likeness instantly and joyfully recognized by his mother. The use of the two colours will, however, we fear, prove too much for the credulity of most in this faithless age. But further wonders are still related. Like the familiar princes and princesses of fairyland, who imbibe royal feelings and the rudiments of political art from the milk of a she-bear; or like Jason, taught by the wise old Centaur; West's first lessons in Art were received from savage inhabitants of the woods. As Allan Cunningham says, "the future president of the British Academy taking lessons in painting and archery from a tribe of Cherokees might be a subject worthy of the pencil." There would, however, we fear, be some difficulty in representing the "subject" in one picture, unless our young hero was depicted with two pair of hands.

It was possibly in a spirit of contrivance imbibed from these wild instructors that young Benjamin shaved the cat's tail and back to make himself brushes—a piece of ingenuity in no way reprehensible if he took care not to injure the cat. At all events, it was from the Indians that he obtained his first colours, and learned to *shoot* his first models.

It is also narrated that, when still a boy of seven or eight, he was presented by a merchant with a box of colours and some engravings, after which he absented himself from school, and worked incessantly for several days at a coloured composition of three figures taken from two of the engravings. When still in the ninth year of his age his artistic susceptibility was so great that he burst into tears at the sight of a landscape by an artist

of Philadelphia. He is said to have refused to ride on horseback with a schoolfellow whose ambition was meanly bounded by the desire to be a tailor. "He meant to be a painter." "A painter is the companion of kings and emperors."

Many, if not all, of these stories (and there are others like to them,) are probably true, though they read now somewhat as though made to match the reputation which he enjoyed amongst his contemporaries. There is no doubt that he was "a youthful phenomenon" like Lawrence, (who, however, excelled even West in precocity,) and his talents were so marked that the Society of Friends to which his parents belonged, after solemn deliberation, gave their unanimous consent to his following the profession of an artist, the women rising and kissing him, and the men one by one laying their hands on his head.

After a short and, considering this solemn consecration to Art, surprising interlude as a soldier, his mother dying, he went to Philadelphia; and, then eighteen years old, set up as a portrait-painter. Then he went to New York, and had so much success that, with the aid of fifty pounds from a generous merchant named Kelly, he was able to proceed to Rome. He remained in Italy three years, making friends and reputation everywhere. Parma, Florence, and Bologna elected him a member of their Academies. Indeed, from first to last, his career seems to have been so wonderfully full of success, that if we wonder at the reputation he enjoyed we cannot be surprised that he should have thought it deserved.

On his arrival in England, in 1763, he was received by friends of no mean influence, whose acquaintance he had made in Italy; and, after a little time, seeing his way to fame, he determined to stop in the old country. The only objection to this resolve was the fact of his engagement or attachment to a young lady, named Elizabeth Shewell, whom he had left in America; but this was judiciously met by the young lady coming over to him, thereafter to be a faithful wife for fifty years.

VIII.

THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

BY BENJAMIN WEST, P.R.A.

In Hampton Court Palace.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY WILLIAM WOOLLETT.

Though a Quaker, he was soon employed by the prelates and dignitaries of the English Church in painting classical subjects and portraits. In 1766, he exhibited his "Orestes and Pylades," which, on account of its novelty—and, we may add, merit—produced a sensation in the art world of London. Introduced by the Archbishop of York to George the Third as the painter of "Agrippina," he immediately gained the favour and patronage of that monarch, who installed him at Windsor with a certain salary of £1000 a-year. Receiving his orders direct from the king, he painted a series of subjects on a grand scale from the life of Edward the Third for St. George's Hall, and afterwards twenty-eight (out of thirty-six projected) pictures on Scriptural subjects, beside nine portrait-pictures of the Royal Family. For thirty-three years this munificent patronage continued; but when the final cloud came over the king's mind, his connection with the Court ceased.

In 1792, on the death of Reynolds, he was elected President of the Royal Academy; a position which, except during the short interregnum of Wyatt, he held to his death, in March 1820.

It was the fate of West, as of many another man, to be most successful in his least ambitious works. "The Death of Wolfe" is now, and will, we think, remain the most famous of his pictures, for it has the greatest claim upon the gratitude of posterity. Hitherto no one had attempted to paint a scene from contemporary history with figures dressed in the costume of the day. West's intention to paint the death of Wolfe as it really might have happened, pigtails and powder complete, was ridiculed by great and small. Even Sir Joshua Reynolds expressed his opinion against such a glaring degradation of Art; but we are glad to be able to add, that he owned West right when he saw his picture. Barry, on the contrary, testified his indignation by painting a "Death of Wolfe" without any costume at all.

Despite its want of expression in the faces, this picture has many good

points. The introduction of the Indian warrior critically watching the death of the English soldier, to see if his fortitude is equal to that of his own tribe, is a happy notion; and the way in which the approaching news of victory is carried from the figure in the distance into the centre of the composition, without disturbing the solemnity of the presence of Death, is well contrived.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"His profession was to represent the people among whom he lived."

MRS. JAMESONE *of Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

TO represent the people among whom he lives is the part of all portrait-painters, but there are so many different ways of doing this that no two portrait-painters have taken precisely the same view of their art. At first thought it would seem that there was no branch of art which contained less scope for the display of the individuality of the artist, but this is far from the truth, for there is as little difficulty in distinguishing a portrait by Reynolds from one by Lawrence, as a landscape by Turner from one by Callcott. Only a Shakespeare in portrait art could keep his own personality completely out of his portraits of others.

Great artists as Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough were, they both looked at their subjects with too restricted a vision to enable them to take so high a rank as Titian or Vandyck. Their genius may be called lyrical rather than epical or dramatic. Gainsborough was the simpler, Reynolds the more artistic mind. Gainsborough purified, Reynolds glorified. Both of them painted too exclusively from a domestic point of view. Ruskin has somewhere written that Reynolds was more intent upon painting the whole gentleman than the whole man, or words to a like effect; and, indeed, except in a few of Hogarth's portraits, and the portraits of the present Mr. Watts,

we do not know any works in which an Englishman appears to have attempted to paint the whole man.

No doubt the increasing artificiality of life has increased the difficulty of painting characteristic portraits. Neither men nor women, as a rule, wear their hearts upon their sleeve as they did in former days. The people of the world, especially of that fashionable world who have their portraits taken, have either less individual character, or a more complicated individuality, and the portrait-painter seeks in vain for definite lines of character in the greater majority of faces. The great effort of modern society is to conceal rather than to express its feelings and passions, and to school the features to an ideal of unimpassioned ease. But nevertheless, we have still warriors and poets, artists and musicians, politicians and lawyers, who, although they may be also men of the world of fashion, bear about them the indelible stamp of their peculiar genius and character, and the portrait-painter's field is still wide and varied as human nature itself.

It is said that Sir Joshua once observed of Sir Thomas Lawrence, that he (Lawrence) took up Art at the point he (Reynolds) relinquished it; and the difficulty of correctly estimating contemporary work is so great that we could almost believe that the great artist not only said but thought so. The higher qualities of Sir Joshua's work were probably not fully recognised in his lifetime, though they were in a great measure the cause of his success then, as they are the cause of his fame now. That the particular and rare excellences which separate him from Lawrence were not weighed with anything like accuracy, is almost certain. It is proved by Lawrence's after-success that he too possessed all the qualities which the public most appreciated. It is also true that men are apt to become distrustful of the real value of what they feel to be their peculiar gifts, when it passes comparatively undisguised by the side of their more popular accomplishments. The elements of contemporary popularity are apt to be mistaken even by true artists for the elements of true art.

But whether or not this saying is rightly attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds, it is undoubtedly false, unless we regard it as simply applying to facility. Sir Thomas Lawrence was a prodigy of facility in his childhood, and, like Morland, had his facility forced by his father at the expense of other faculties till he mistook its early maturity for the maturity of genius, and was so soon satisfied with himself and his productions that at the age of seventeen, before he had had any regular instruction or study, he wrote to his mother that "Excepting Sir Joshua, for the painting of a head, I would risk my reputation with any painter in London."

Sir Thomas Lawrence was born on the 4th of May, 1769, at Bristol. He was the son of Thomas Lawrence, who, the son of a clergyman and educated for the law, had gradually descended the scale of life till he found a resting-place as an innkeeper. The youngest of a family of sixteen children, (most of whom died in infancy,) eminently beautiful, with a talent for reciting passages from the poets, and an unexampled genius for taking likenesses, the boy was the idol of his father and the pet of the visitors of the "Black Bear," Devizes, whither the family removed in 1772. Devizes being on the high road to the fashionable city of Bath, the "Black Bear" was the resting-place of great people from London and Oxford, who went away charmed with the talents of the wonderful child, and spread his reputation wherever they went.

At the age of five we find him a standing dish at the hostelry of his father, who would produce him to his customers (sometimes intrusively), and give them the choice of hearing him repeat Milton or take their likenesses. At this age he drew the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. (afterwards Lord and Lady) Kenyon, being seated for the purpose on a chair on the table. Having produced a striking likeness of the gentleman in about half-an-hour, he was asked if he could draw the lady. "Yes, that I can," was his reply, "if she will turn her side to me, for her face is not straight." So the lady (whose face was *not* straight) turned her side to the young artist, who drew her

profile about half life-size, and delicately shaded. It is said that this portrait was easily recognisable twenty-five years afterwards. Instead of judiciously training his son's precious talents the father is said to have refused an offer to send him to Rome to study, saying that they "required no cultivation."

In 1779, when young Thomas was ten years old, the family was obliged to move to Oxford where the extraordinary child reaped a small harvest by taking portraits of the Dons.

From Oxford the family proceeded to Weymouth and thence to Bath, where the boy became "the rage." Here he charged one guinea and a guinea and a-half for heads in ovals. The portraits were drawn in crayons. Here he also had some study from copies of good pictures in the collection of the Hon. Mr. Hamilton, of Lansdowne Hill, and made a drawing of the "Transfiguration" of Raphael, for which two years later he received the silver pallet of the Royal Society and five guineas. The drawing was not allowed to enter into the competition, because it had not been executed within the year and a day prescribed by the Society's rules; but to show their sense of its special merit, they had the pallet "gilt all over."

Lawrence came to London with his father in 1787, and was admitted a student of the Royal Academy, where his great beauty and his skill in drawing excited a great sensation among the students, who thought that "nothing less than a young Raphael had dropped among them." He was soon introduced to the great Sir Joshua, who was very kind to him, and allowed him to come to his house as often as he wished.

Everything seems to have conspired to force his talents. Before he was a student, but in the same year as he was admitted, he exhibited seven pictures in the Royal Academy. His fame reached the palace, and an attempt was made to elect him as an associate before he had nearly reached the required age. This was in 1790, and though the attempt was unsuccessful, in the next year, against all rule, he was elected a "supplemental" associate. In 1792 Sir Joshua Reynolds died, and the king (George III.)

IX.

POPE PIUS VII.

BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

In the possession of Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY SAMUEL COUSINS, R.A.

appointed Lawrence his successor as painter in ordinary; the Dilettante Society, setting aside one of their most important rules in his favour, elected him a member of their body and their painter at the same time. When in February, 1794, Lawrence, not then twenty-five years of age, was elected an Academician, he had already reached the summit of his profession.

Disregarding an unfounded scandal respecting himself and the imprudent Princess of Wales, which withdrew from him for some years the patronage of royalty and of the ladies, there is little worthy of record in the life of Lawrence except his increasing popularity till the year 1815, when he rose to the full tide of his glory. Then the Prince Regent suddenly recalled him from Paris to paint the portraits of the allied sovereigns and eminent persons who had aided in restoring the Bourbons to the throne of France. He was knighted by the Prince Regent, who relaxed one more law in favour of this great exception to all standing rules, and allowed him to receive the honour and wear the decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Presents and honours from Emperors, Princes, and Academies all over the world poured thick upon him, and in 1818 he was commissioned by the Prince to proceed to Aix-la-Chapelle to paint the portraits of the great ones of the earth who were re-arranging the map of Europe. Thence he proceeded to Vienna to paint the Emperor and Prince Schwartzenberg again, and thence to Rome to paint the Pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi. His year's labours are said to have been worth to him £20,000.

The portrait of the Pope Pius VII. which has been selected for our photograph, is considered one of the best of his works which were painted abroad.

On his return home he found great changes had taken place,—death had removed George III. from the throne, and West from the Presidency of the Royal Academy. On the very evening of his arrival, the 30th March, 1820, Lawrence was elected President of the Academy, and the king in his joy soon afterwards presented him with a medal and chain of gold.

Thence till his death, in 7th January, 1830, he enjoyed an undeclining reputation, and indeed if we allow his previous reputation to be a just one, he deserved that it should not decline, for he painted some of his best pictures in this time.

Of his character and private life we have little space to speak. He appears to have been at first an affected, and afterwards a courtly man, sweet of speech and grave in manner, with much of the fine gentleman and the gallant, without much manliness or licentiousness. He had an unfortunate habit of making ladies fall in love with him without requiting their affection, and of spending more than he gained without personal extravagance. He had a passion for collecting the drawings of old masters, and seems to have had a finer taste for the higher qualities of art than is apparent in his own works. But the key-note of his character and his art seems to us to have been "fashion."

To revert to our remarks at the commencement of this notice; if Reynolds and Gainsborough looked at their sitters too exclusively from a domestic point of view, they at least sought for the beautiful expression of nature and character as the end of their art, but Lawrence did not do this. He preferred art to nature, and, what is worse, artifice to art. He looked at his sitters from an entirely artificial point of view, not seeking to express their inward nature so much as the outward beauty of dress and fashionable airs. The thrill of admiration which we feel in the sight of a girl or child "beautifully dressed for a party," seems to have been the highest emotion which Lawrence was capable of rendering. While Sir Joshua made the beauty of nature shine through the barbarous costume of "high heads" and sacks, Sir Thomas carefully excluded all but the hairdresser's art from the natural locks of his ladies, all but the graces of the milliner from their costume. While Sir Joshua made the proudest lady of the land smile like a mother, Sir Thomas made the child simper with a ball-room smile. In his men Sir Thomas was even less natural; he made a dandy of Campbell and a dancing-

master of Sir Francis Burdett. According to Opie he "made coxcombs of his sitters, and his sitters made a coxcomb of Lawrence."

With all his faults, however, Lawrence was a wonderful painter, and most of his weaknesses may be traced to his early training. His drawing was superior to that of Reynolds and Gainsborough, and for a painter of "Court and Fashion" he is perhaps without a rival.

THOMAS STOTHARD.

" I should be glad to say something, if I could say it in a manner worthy of the subject, of the Art of Stothard."—LESLIE.

WE can easily understand a certain diffidence, even in a man and an artist like Leslie, in handling so delicate and beautiful a subject as the Art of Stothard, an art so exquisite of its kind, so pure in its feeling, so consummately graceful in all its lines, so tender in its beauty, that it seems to belong to some other gayer and brighter world altogether, and if belonging to this world, to some less prosaic and more sunny clime than that of England.

Nothing that we have ever read, by which we are far from meaning that we have exhausted every possible authority on the subject, has done full justice to Stothard's Art. Praise enough indeed has been bestowed upon it by his biographer, Mrs. Bray, but too often in the wrong place, and by comparisons which are startling from their want of true appreciation. By her and others Stothard has been compared to Raphael, to Michael Angelo and to Hogarth, but you might as well compare Keats to Dante, Chaucer, Homer and Fielding.

The art of our country, so late in its development, has necessarily, in many of its branches, drawn its instruction from the works of great artists of other countries as well as from nature. An artist who would attempt to devote himself to depicting scenes from ancient poetry, mythology and religion can no more neglect the great achievements of bygone time in this

direction than an Englishman of our time can set up for a philosopher without a study of the great schools of philosophy. In portrait-painting a disregard of previous art is possible to a great extent, because the subjects of that art change, not only in costume but in spirit, with each age; in landscape-painting, because we have a new field of rare and uncultivated beauty for imitation, and foreign models will help us little in representing the peculiar features of our own country; but if we wish to depict subjects which do not belong exclusively to our country or our age we must study not only nature but art. In all figure painting we should be unwise to neglect the glorious models which ancient masters have left of composition, colour, and feeling. Originality in no way consists in such neglect, and no originality of genius however great, will be improved by it. Profound study of the labours of previous generations is necessary to the modern genius if he would wish to do anything better in the same field, and does not wish to be eclipsed by inferior talent which has not neglected such training.

Such remarks as these are called up by the attempt to compare the works of Stothard with those of the other artists we have mentioned. The comparison is untrue to all parties concerned. Raphael and Michael Angelo are, to a degree which renders the comparison absurd, superior to Stothard in grandeur of imagination; and Stothard is no less superior to Watteau and Boucher in naturalness and purity; while no comparison but a complete contrast lies between Stothard and Hogarth. Even in humour, the only quality which they had in common, they are not only distinct but opposed as the two poles of a magnet. But comparisons of this nature lead to no true knowledge.

As we have said, the influence of other artists upon a genius does not necessarily taint his originality any more than the influence of nature; and, to use an analogy, any more than the mixture of blood destroys individuality in men; it only makes the individuality more complex. You meet men who are the mere apes of their fathers, as you meet artists who are mere imitators.

But all art is imitative, and to increase models is only to increase the field of imitation, and to broaden instead of to narrow the development of originality. And England possesses no artist whose works are more distinctly individual than those of Stothard, though he had not such an uncultivated field as Hogarth, such an overpowering imagination as Blake, or such an enterprising genius as Turner.

If traces of the influence of other men were sufficient to establish a charge of want of originality, no man was less original in most of his works than Stothard. His genius was however not imitative so much as assimilative. What in other men was congenial to his genius was collected by what may be called an artistic affinity. He caught the spirit of beauty and grace in every work he studied, but rejected all that was foreign to his pure taste. For instance, in his Watteau-like pictures, the most distinctly imitative of his works, he has replaced affectation by nature, and intrigue by purity. A mere copyist copies defects, this Stothard never did; on the contrary, he imbued everything he did so thoroughly with his own sweet feeling for beauty and grace, that these qualities may be said to have rendered his works not only individual but mannered, a mannerism however as sweet as honey, a monotony of lovely tones.

His first essays showed his complete originality, but before we go further we will state briefly the main facts of his early life. He, like Lawrence, was the son of an innkeeper, and his father came to London in 1750, from Stutton, near Tadcaster, in Yorkshire. Thomas Stothard was born in London on the 17th of August, 1755. He seems to have drawn his first feeling for art from pictures and engravings rather than nature, but he had no regular art-training. He soon, however, began to copy and to make designs. "I had no examples," he says; "literature may be taught by words, art must come through signs." He was a delicate boy, and was sent into Yorkshire to school, and afterwards to Ilford. In 1770 his father died, and he and his mother took up their residence at Stepney Green. Stothard was apprenticed

to the trade of drawing patterns for brocaded silks, but after five years the fashion for this silk began to decline, and he had much leisure on his hands, which he employed in making designs from Spenser and Homer. One day, Mr. Harrison, the editor of the "Novelist's Magazine," saw some sketches of his at the house of his employer (the widow of the draftsman of patterns), in Spital Square, and was so struck by them that he gave the apprentice employment almost immediately, paying him a guinea a-piece for his drawings. From 1780 to 1783 he was employed much in book-illustration. For the "Novelist's Magazine" he executed 148 sketches, beside about a hundred others, mostly frontispieces and vignettes. For the three years' work he appears to have received £223. 11*s.* 6*d.*, the price per drawing varying from two guineas to six shillings. As early as 1778 he exhibited at the Royal Academy, and continued to exhibit there till 1832, missing, however, eleven in the course of that period of forty-six years. In 1791 he was elected Associate, was raised to full Academical honours in 1794, and in 1813 was made Librarian. He was employed by the Marquis of Exeter in 1799, and three subsequent summers, in painting the staircase at Burleigh with colossal designs of War, Intemperance, and The Descent of Orpheus into Hell; he likewise painted some wall-pictures for Buckingham Palace and for Colonel Johnes of Hafod, and decorated the ceiling of the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh. His aid was called in to make a design for a transparency for the temporary Temple of Concord erected in Hyde Park on the occasion of the National Jubilee of 1814. He painted his "Canterbury Pilgrims" and designed the Wellington Shield. He married a Miss Watkins, by whom he had eleven children, five of whom died in infancy. He was the friend of Flaxman; and also, until their quarrel, of Blake, who engraved many of his early works; and he died at his house in Newman Street, on April the 27th, 1834, in his seventy-ninth year.

Such, in little, are the facts of Stothard's life; a simple, modest, hard-working life it was, and except for the loss of his children, two of whom,

one a boy, the other a young man in the prime of life, died by accidents, a life free alike from great ills and great good fortune. His character, like his art, was one of beautiful simplicity. Though said to be the heir of considerable property, he refused to try his right by law, because he did not wish to disturb the ladies who were in possession. In a similar spirit he refused to assert his claim on the widow of Cromek the engraver, for the balance due to him on the picture of the "Canterbury Pilgrims." His devotion to his art is amply characterised by his attending the school of the Academy on the day of his wedding, after the ceremony, and the enormous number of designs which he made, estimated variously from 4000 to 10,000. That he was content with small earnings is sufficiently shown by his conduct with regard to the "Canterbury Pilgrims," for which he only charged one hundred pounds, and only received sixty.

To turn to our remarks upon Stothard's genius. The illustrations which he made for the "Novelist's Magazine" were at that time unrivalled, and may be said in a great measure to be so still. They, perhaps, more obviously than any other of his works attest his complete originality. Their fault as illustrations is that they are too poetical, a fault which we wish we could find more frequently. Of him it might be truly written as of Goldsmith, *nihil tetegit quod non ornavit.* He beautified and decorated rather than illustrated. Even on subjects so unsuited to pictorial art as the works of Richardson, he bestowed the same grace and refinement as on the choicest poet. Clarissa and Lovelace, despite cocked-hat and short-bodied dress, become creatures of delicate fancy. Many of his designs for this book are worthy to be cut into cameos; or, as Ruskin said of Mulready's dogs, to be stamped on medals.

We wish we had space to dilate on the somewhat neglected merits of this artist, one of the few whom England has produced who can be called perfect in his way. Englishmen are too apt to decry grace because it does not convey to their minds what they are pleased to call "strength." Exquisite

X.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

BY THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY JAMES HEATH, A.R.A.

harmonies of line and sense of proportion, underrating grace of expression, simplicity without namby-pambiness, poetry without sentimentality, purity which is never commonplace, a power of composition almost, if not quite, unequalled in any other English artist, a rare rather than a strong feeling for colour, a humour which is always subtle but never coarse, a catholic feeling for all beauties of art from Raphael to Watteau, a versatility of design, which embraced all things, from decanter labels to sculpture, an idealizing power which could make the most tasteless costume elegant, and raise a mere fashion plate to the region of art; all these, and many more equally characteristic properties of Stothard's genius, pass comparatively unrecognized for the want of the so-called "strength" and "force," which would have utterly marred his most beautiful works. When shall we learn to estimate a man by what he is, instead of by what he is not, by what he has done instead of by what others have done?

In the famous "Canterbury Pilgrims," we have a very characteristic and good specimen of his varied powers. Though a painting it might well be cut in bas-relief. The Surrey Hills, carefully studied from nature, form a background which throws up the figures. The long procession, so difficult to treat, has been composed by the artist in a masterly way. Without any forced attitudes or unnatural action on the part of the pilgrims, the surface (if we may use the expression) of the cavalcade is broken up without its losing its distinct processional character, certain figures are in a way grouped together, but none are detached,—there is no "solution of continuity." All the persons are characteristic, and stand as it were midway between the reality of Chaucer and the idealism of Stothard, from the miller with the bagpipes at the head, to the "Wife of Bath" cracking a joke with the lean "Pardoner" at the tail. The painter has gone half-way to meet the poet. The "Wife of Bath" has, we know not for what reason, been singled out for remark, as the one figure which in a marked degree shows a want of realiza tion of Chaucer's spirit. We think this shows that the coarseness of the

"Wife of Bath" has taken more hold of the general imagination than anything else, coarse or otherwise, in Chaucer. To our minds he has not refined her more than many other of the characters. They are all conceived in the same tone, and to have given prominence to the "Wife of Bath's" animalism would have been to destroy the whole harmony of the composition.

To express in a few words, in conclusion, what we believe to be the truth about Stothard's position in the world of art, he seems to have comprehended the essential grace of all schools. Releasing art from the severity of ancient Greece he has not relinquished her to the sensual abandon of the moderns; he has struck, as it were, the chord midway, and with the moderation of a largely appreciative mind, has expressed without exaggeration the essential beauty of both, so far as it did not exceed the limits of his delicate genius, which could not rise to strong emotion, or descend into insipidity.

GILBERT STUART NEWTON.

"A life too short for friendship."

WE wish that we could finish the line of our motto, but Newton's life, like that of Harlow, was too short for fame, if we mean by that word anything more than the contemporary applause gained by a few promising, but imperfect works, and the general feeling amongst posterity that he might have done better things if he had been spared from the terrible affliction which so soon terminated his life.

Gilbert Stuart Newton, whose name appears so soon in our book, because he died so young, was like West and Copley, American-born. At Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the 2nd September, 1794, his mother, sister to Gilbert Stuart, a celebrated American portrait-painter, and wife of a Civil Service officer of the British Government, gave birth to him. From the fact that Newton was named so exclusively and inclusively after his uncle, there is, we think, some reason to believe that this uncle was not only loved, but looked up to by the family, and though we cannot say that it was he who inspired, either by example or precept, his nephew to become an artist, his existence is sufficient to account for the fact

of the nephew's ambition and talent. Probably, for we are in the dark here, the profession of an artist was not considered desirable for him by his parents, for we find that he was first destined to a commercial life. At nine years of age he lost his father, and his mother retired to Charleston with her brother, Gilbert Stuart; Charleston, that is, near Boston, not the famous city of South Carolina. At Boston was young Gilbert brought up, but his artistic proclivities appear to have been too strong to allow of his developing into a full blown merchant, for in 1817 one of his elder brothers, himself in a commercial way, took him to Italy, and left him at Florence for the purpose of studying the works of the great masters. It is said that Newton, when at New York, at a large dinner party, disclaimed being an American citizen, and exhibited some pride at being a subject of Great Britain; from this time forward he was to have his name identified rather with England than America; but, as if he could not get away from his early associations, and we hope and think he was too wise to wish to do so, his name will always be remembered in connection with a clique of American friends, who held together in England; his wife was to be American, and his fame to be gladly divided by both parties between the old world and the new.

The first friendship which he made was that of Leslie, whom he met in Paris, whither he proceeded after a stay of some months at Florence. With Leslie, a truer American than Newton, though born in England, he travelled through Holland, and with him he arrived in England (in 1817 say Messrs. Redgrave; about 1818, says Mr. Wornum). Both young men with similar talents, similar aspirations, similar traditions—they in their tour cemented a friendship which was to last till death. Leslie introduced Newton to Washington Irving, and the three soon formed a trio which was inseparable. Newton, who went by the name of "the childe" amongst his friends, is described as at this time of a wild, frolicking disposition, and disinclined to settle to work, and it is probable that he was not a very attentive or assiduous student at the schools of the Royal Academy, and that to

carelessness in study may be attributed in a great measure the weakness of his drawing. To complete matters, he was in love, and madly in love. Who the lady was we do not know, but she lived in Sloane Street. In 1820 Irving writes, "Newton is busy with a brush in each hand, and his hair standing on end, turning Anne's portraits into likenesses of Mary Queen of Scots, General Washington, and the Lord knows who." "The Sloane Street Goddess," though worshipped for some years with such enthusiasm, does not seem to have blessed her votary with more than smiles, if with these; or to have granted his prayers, if he made any. Perhaps she was cold, perhaps coy, perhaps mercenary; perhaps he was timid, perhaps vacillating, perhaps prudent; who shall tell? The romance began, and the romance ended, like many others, and left no certain sign. The attachment does not, however, appear to have been of that nature which calms a man and makes him settle to steady work. We have no right to argue from such scanty facts, but it is a little singular that we hear nothing more of this lady after Newton's period of profitable labour began.

In 1821 Newton made his first distinct mark as an artist. In this year he exhibited two portraits at the Royal Academy, and two subject-pictures at the British Institution. The latter were named "Forsaken," and "Lovers' Quarrels," and about the same time he painted a successful picture called "The Importunate Author." For this last picture Newton is said to have had an excellent model, a man of the name of Coxe, a poet,* who was always pursuing his weary friends, manuscript in hand. A good story of his excessive importunity is told by Wilkie; and Leslie, say Messrs. Redgrave, states that the gentleman voluntarily sat to Newton for his picture. If this be so, he affords a rare instance of quaint humour. Perhaps his conscience moved him to pity for the unfortunate victims of his importunity, and he was desirous of expiating his offence by yielding himself as a sacrifice to their mirth, but it is very seldom that a bore likes to be laughed at.

* Author of "The Social Day," for which Constable and others drew illustrations.

In 1822 Newton again exhibited two portraits at the Royal Academy, one of them of Washington Irving, which was afterwards engraved for an edition of that author's well-known "Sketch-book."

In 1823 he exhibited his first picture of that class in which he and Leslie principally distinguished themselves, viz., the illustration of dramatic literature. The subject was "M. Porceaugnac, or the Patient in spite of himself," from Molière's play.

After 1821, down to 1833, he never missed an exhibition at Somerset House. In 1827 he painted his "Prince of Spain's visit to Catalina," which was purchased by the Duke of Bedford for the large sum of five hundred guineas, and in 1828 he was elected an Associate, in which year he exhibited his "Vicar of Wakefield reconciling his wife to Olivia." In 1829 appeared "Camilla introduced to Gil Blas at the Inn." In 1830 he exhibited three pictures. The excellent one of "Yorick and the Grisette," (now in the National Collection,) "Shylock and Jessica," and "Abbot Boniface"—*the* Abbot of Scott—the study for whose humorous reverence is said to have been supplied by the person of the Rev. Sidney Smith.

In 1831 appeared "Portia and Bassanio," also now in the collection at South Kensington, and "Cordelia with the Physician," and in 1832 he was elected an Academician.

As a love scene was the prologue to his short play upon the stage of Art, so a love scene was to be the epilogue. Truer, in fact, to his early associations than was to be predicted from his youthful disclaimer of American nationality, he went back to America for a wife, and he found her, and strange to say, he found his ideal face, the face which occurs in so many of his pictures—his "Grisette," his "Portia," his "English Girl." So striking was her likeness to the Bride of his Art that his friends thought he must have known his wife long ago, ere he left Boston. But this was not so, he had seen her, but only in dreams, he had touched her lips, but only with the paint-brush. We should like to see a portrait of his earlier mistress; perhaps she,

XI.

THE ENGLISH GIRL.

BY GILBERT STUART NEWTON, R.A.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY G. T. DOO, A.R.A.

too, was like the female figures he has painted, perhaps she inspired his ideal of beauty, perhaps it was his wife's likeness to the Sloane Street beauty that attracted him to her.

However this may have been, he found his beauty, and he married her, and then—sad sequel to this poetical perfection of artistic happiness—he went mad. Symptoms of insanity showed themselves while he was in America, and shortly after his return to England with his bride they developed so strongly that he had to be put under restraint, and he died of rapid consumption in a lunatic asylum on the 5th of August, 1835.

Of Newton's Art this may be said, that it was marked by a subtle sensibility for tender shades of feeling and tender contrasts of colour. His "Yorick and the Grisette," is a picture which we all know, and therefore we mention it as an example. The sentimental Yorick, with his impressionable, finely strung temperament, vitiated, but not vicious, with a natural love of the innocence of things, but always trembling on the brink of sensuality, not strong enough either to sin or to flee from temptation, with charming sentiments on his lips, and irresistible *arrières pensées* in his heart,—surely he could scarcely be more fitly represented. And what of the Grisette? She, like his "English Girl" and his "Portia," his "Polly" and his "Jessica," is tender and graceful, and like all his female figures, full of sweetness, and we may add, purity. Without Leslie's vigour and manifold power of conception, he had a tenderness which Leslie wanted; without his dexterous manipulation, he had a sense of colour which Leslie could not obtain, though he strove hard. He had a distinct genius, and he painted a few excellent pictures; and he might have painted many more, and attained a higher place in Art, but his life was like our motto—unfinished.

JOHN CONSTABLE.

"Beauty in the mind
Leaves the hearth cold—and love refined
Ambitions make the world unkind."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

WE may congratulate ourselves (though not pharisaically) that we have learnt to recognize the merits of our great landscape-painters—after their death. Our posterity may be able to claim a better taste than ourselves, and a greater discrimination in recognising living merit, but at least they will never excel us in condemning the folly and blindness of our fathers. Of course, in the present day, it is only our noblest and most gifted artists that achieve popularity, but in the days of John Constable it was far otherwise.

If he had been that startling prodigy, an "ingenious" ploughman, he might have been taken by the hand for a little while, like Clare or Bloomfield, and then allowed to re-settle into his local mud, but not being rendered interesting to his superiors by the flattering contrast of indigence and mean birth, he lived and died neglected.

But *we* perceive his merit, for there was a paper read the other day, the intent and purpose of which was to raise him to a level with Turner. But there is such a thing, as we have said elsewhere, as damning by excessive, as

well as faint praise. Constable, indeed, holds a high place not only among English, but all landscape-painters, but not as high as this. We might say—

"Shine, *painter*, in thy place, and be content,"

and still leave him in a position with which he himself, so confident of the verdict of posterity, would have been satisfied. To compare him to Turner is something like comparing Clare to Shakespeare.

Constable was, in fact, a pastoral painter, and nothing else. The poems of Clare rise irresistibly to our mind in looking at his pictures so faithful in their love of local truth. To take a quotation at random from that unfortunate poet, we can hardly hit upon lines which do not breathe the spirit of Constable's pictures. Here is one, and a fine one—

"Again the storm encroaches round,
Thick clouds are darkening deep behind,
And through the arches hoarsely sound
The risings of the hollow wind."*

The souls of these two men looked on nature with the same pure devoted love, not with the awful and reverent eyes of Wordsworth, nor with the love which Swinburne ascribes to Byron, a fierce love desiring to seize and possess; but a humbler and more familiar, and we might say more childish, love, born of the simple enjoyment of vision, the passive pleasure of being possessed rather than the active desire of possessing. Hear Clare again:—

"And as while I clomb the hill,
Many a distant charm I found,
Pausing on the lagging mill,
That scarcely moved its sails around;

"Hanging o'er a gate or stile
Till my curious eye did tire,
Leisure was employ'd awhile
Counting many a peeping spire.

* The Last of March.

"While the hot sun 'gan to wane,
Cooling glooms fast deep'ning still,
Refreshing greenness spread the plain,
As black clouds crept the southern hill.

"Labour sought a sheltering place
'Neath some thick wood-woven bower,
While odd rain-drops damp'd his face,
Heralds of the coming shower."*

In these few verses, chosen by us also at random, are described not only a landscape which Constable would have liked to paint, but the peculiar facts he liked to dwell upon, even the figure he would have liked to introduce. The "mill," the "stile," the "peeping spire," the "hot sun," the "cooling glooms," the contrast of "refreshing greenness" with "black clouds," the "odd rain-drops," all are, to use a word coined by Mr. Ruskin, Constablesque.

"There was room for a *natural* painter," said Constable; room, that is, in the art world, for he never expected to be popular. As early as 1803 he wrote "I feel now, more than ever, a decided conviction that I shall some time or other make good pictures, pictures that shall be valuable to posterity, if I do not reap the benefit of them;" and later, "my art flatters nobody by imitation, it courts nobody by smoothness, it tickles nobody by petiteness, it is without fal-de-lal or fiddle-de-dee: how can I, therefore, hope to be popular?"

He was not popular, as Wilson was not popular, for it took the English public a century to find out that landscape paintings should bear resemblance to landscapes, that trees and grass were green and not brown, and that artists were better judges of the matter than the varnish-loving connoisseurs. Like Wilson, he also saw his inferiors in Art making their way far to the fore in the race for fame and wealth. As Wilson to Zuccarelli, so is Constable to Callcott; if we could work out this sum we should find the proportion almost mathematically accurate. Like Wilson also, he was sarcastic and somewhat

* Recollections after a Ramble.

XII.

A LOCK ON THE STOUR.

BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

FROM THE MEZZOTINT BY JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

sour, we are told, as the days went on. Like Wilson also, he had to suffer much from critics, friendly and otherwise. Chantrey, on one of the varnishing days, kindly "brushed away all the dew" off one of Constable's landscapes with a brush full of brown pigment, and vowed it was vastly improved. It is amusing, but sad, to read these stories and to think that so many true artists had already lived and died in England without shaking the "black masters" from their throne, or exorcising the fiend of brown varnish. Leslie relates a similarly sad story respecting another of Constable's pictures, "The Opening of Waterloo Bridge." "What would he (Constable) have felt," writes Leslie, "could he foresee that in little more than a year of his death, its silvery brightness was doomed to be clouded over by a coat of blacking, laid on by the hand of a picture-dealer; yet that this was done by way of giving tone to the picture, I know from the best authority, the lips of the operator, who assured me that *several noblemen* considered it to be greatly improved by the process."

John Constable came of a Yorkshire family, who had "migrated south" to Suffolk two generations before he was born. His father was a well-to-do miller, who lived in a house built by himself at East Bergholt. John was his second son, and when he was born, on the 11th of June, 1776, he was thought so weakly that he was not expected to live, and so was baptized on the same day.

He went to three schools, but was not distinguished for anything but his penmanship, learning "little Latin and less *French*." At sixteen or seventeen, however, he was devotedly fond of painting, and found a sympathising friend in one Dunthorne, a plumber and glazier, with whom he used to go on sketching excursions. But his father had no intention that he should become an artist, and wished him to go into the Church, but afterwards changing his mind, determined to make a miller of him. So he *was* a miller, and such a good-looking one that he went by the name of the "*handsome* miller," in the neighbourhood. But his love for painting did not flag, and

he was fortunate enough to be introduced to the great Sir George Beaumont, whose mother lived at Dedham, who showed him the beautiful Claude ("The Annunciation," of the National Gallery), which Sir George, they say, used to travel about with in his carriage, and which was like a revelation to Constable.

In 1795 he came to London with the intention of becoming an artist, but in 1797 he went back again to the mill. In 1799 he left the mill again, and for the last time. In this year he was admitted a student of the Royal Academy, and in 1802 he exhibited his first pictures.

He seems, though a hard worker, to have met with little or no success for many years, and 1811 found him still without reputation, except amongst a few friends, some of whom were Sir George Beaumont, Reinagle, Bishop Fisher, and Miss Mary Bicknell. With this young lady he was sadly in love; and hopelessly, it seemed, for her father forbad him the house, being urged thereto by his wife's father, the Rev. Dr. Rhudde, the rector of Bergholt; who did not, we presume, think a miller's son (a mere artist, and an unsuccessful one) entitled to sue for the hand of the daughter of the Solicitor to the Admiralty, and the granddaughter of a Doctor of Divinity. Miss Mary Bicknell was a good daughter, and would not think of marrying against her father's wishes, but she wrote and told him so, and then he wrote, and then she wrote again, and so on for five years, till at last, though she was such a good daughter, she found that she could not remain single against dear John's wishes, and so they married each other one day when nobody expected it, and were in due course forgiven by the Solicitor to the Admiralty, though not by the Doctor of Divinity. We are glad to say, however, that this grim grandfather relented at last, and to her surprise left his erring grandchild £4000.

This love affair is the most interesting that we have yet met in the annals of British Artists, and the letters which passed, especially Miss Bicknell's letters, are delightful in their simplicity and faithfulness. His letters are not remarkable, and do not show a remarkable mind; indeed, though Constable

is said to have been guilty of much sarcasm, he seems to have been a man of but average intellect, with a genius for painting the familiar in nature. But he had genius, and has been excelled by no painter in rendering certain features of English landscape in summer. He had originality too, for he painted with the sun above his head, (unseen, but still before him,) making the leaves of the trees sparkle like bits of broken glass ; an invention for which, as Messrs. Redgrave say, he might have taken out a "patent," and one which has had some influence on the French School. His originality does not, however, stop there,—his entire manner is original; his skies and his trees, his light and his shade, are all *sui generis*, and modelled from no man's work—a fact at once his special glory and his special fault. "Unteachableness," says Mr. Ruskin, "seems to have been a main feature of his character."

On the whole, few people have so fulfilled their aim in art as Constable did. His aim was to be a *natural* painter, and he achieved it. He saw nature and loved her, and painted her, as she was, loving her greenness more than her grandeur, and her cloudiness more than her glory, and evidently thinking her

"When unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

Not viewing her with a high spiritual regard, his paintings have almost a greater influence on the body than on the mind; there is little that is ennobling or even inspiriting in their effect. One does not exclaim, "How exquisite!" or, "How full of dignity!" one is not filled with a sense of majesty, or soothed with a sense of calm; one only feels, "How awfully hot!" or, "By Jove, there's going to be a shower!" The shrewd, sarcastic, old Swiss Fuseli was not so very wrong when he called out, "Bring me my umbrella, I am going to see Mr. Constable's pictures."

On the other hand, this is great praise, and a wonderful testimony to Constable's special genius, that he should so truthfully represent nature as

to make us almost feel her influence. In this, we think no one his equal. To look at his pictures is to be "out of doors!"

Constable died on the 30th of March, 1837. His pictures are now very valuable. Posterity has, as he expected, recognized his extraordinary merit; his country has learnt to be proud of him, and it seems difficult to believe that the Royal Academy allowed such an artist as he to reach his fifty-third year before they raised him to full membership of their body.

SIR DAVID WILKIE.

"For, don't you mark, we're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better painted—better to us,
Which is the same thing."

ROBERT BROWNING.

WILKIE becomes popular," says Ruskin, "like Scott, because he touches passions which all feel, and expresses truths which all can recognize."

Next after Hogarth, Wilkie is perhaps the greatest painter of domestic life in the English School, but he differs widely from the great moral satirist. Not only in the subjects that he chose for his art, but also in the feelings he desired to awaken by it. His aim is not to give a moral warning to the profligate, to hold up vice to reprobation, and folly to scorn, but it is rather to claim our compassion for the unfortunate, our sympathy for the joys and sorrows of humble life, and to awaken our interest for—

"Things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see."

David Wilkie was the third son of a simple Scotch minister, and was born on the 18th of November, 1785, in the village of Cults, in the county of

Fife. Like so many other artists, he evinced, we are told, from his earliest childhood a decided predilection for drawing, and began to scratch figures on the floor of the manse almost as soon as he could crawl over it. His reputation for portraiture, indeed, soon became so well established, that when at the age of seven he was sent to school in the neighbouring village of Pitlessie, he was enabled to drive bargains with his bare-footed schoolfellows, making them pay for his portraits with "a pencil, a marble, or a pen."

The good minister at Cults was "not a little troubled" when he found that his young son loved painting better than Latin and arithmetic, and did all in his power to wean him from what he considered a most unprofitable pursuit. But it was all of no use; the boy wandered about the fields and lanes of Cults, storing his mind and his sketch-book with scenes for future pictures,—"gazing on the changing lines of the sky, or the varying shades of the wood, and on the passing traveller, particularly when a soldier in "old red rags," or a gipsy wife with her horn spoon and kettles and asses, came to diversify the road," and gaining by this means a knowledge that he could not acquire from the schoolmaster at Kettle, to whom he had been sent to be taught, if possible, something more useful than drawing heads upon slates.

At last, finding his son's heart was entirely set upon becoming a painter, the father wisely gave in to his choice, and determined to do what he could to give him the education necessary for that purpose. Accordingly, in 1799, when Wilkie was only fourteen years of age, he sent him up to Edinburgh to seek admission into the Trustees' Academy. The drawings, however, that Wilkie took with him as a specimen of his powers, were not considered, by the secretary of that institution, to possess sufficient merit to entitle him to partake of the privileges it offered, and it was only through the intervention of the Earl of Leven that he finally gained an entrance into the Scotch School of Art. There he studied diligently for five years, learning the technicalities of painting from his master, John Graham, and having for his fellow-

students in art, such men as William Allan, and John Burnet (afterwards the appreciative engraver of his pictures).

In 1804 Wilkie left Edinburgh, and returned to the Manse at Cults, where he painted his first picture of importance, namely, that known by the title of "Pitlessie Fair." In it he depicted most of the worthies of his native village, giving great offence to one of these, by stealing his portrait whilst he was asleep in church. For variety of incident, and appreciation of character, this, his first picture, is considered by many critics to be comparable to several of his more celebrated later works.

But Scotland at this time did not offer much encouragement to a struggling young artist, and although his picture of "Pitlessie Fair" brought him a little local reputation, David Wilkie soon found that if he desired to make his art remunerative, he must seek a wider field for his labours.

On the 20th of May, therefore (1805), he left Scotland to seek his fortune in London.

"There is a raw, tall, queer Scotchman come, an odd fellow, but there is something in him; he is called Wilkie." Thus wrote Jackson, a student at the Royal Academy, to Haydon, who had, at that time, just begun his career, and who happened, when Wilkie first entered the Academy, where he worked for so many years, to be absent in the country.

The trio of Academy students, Haydon, Jackson, and Wilkie, soon became fast friends; but it took some time, and poor Wilkie had a difficult struggle, before the London world was brought to recognize with Jackson, that the "raw, tall, queer Scotchman" had "something in him."

Fame, however, visited him before long, assuming for the nonce the shape of that kind-hearted connoisseur and artist, Sir George Beaumont, who, with his friend, Lord Mulgrave, called one day on the young Scotch artist, and was so struck with the picture he was painting of the "Village Politicians," that he gave him a commission for another on the spot, Lord Mulgrave following his example.

When the picture of the "Village Politicians" was exhibited in the Academy of 1806, it fully justified the high terms of praise that Sir George Beaumont had bestowed upon it. There was such a crowd round it on the first day, that, as Haydon relates, "there was no getting in sideways or edgeways."

Wilkie bore his triumph very placidly. "It's jest wonderful," he kept repeating, with his strong Scotch accent, when his friends, Haydon and Jackson, dragged him off to the Academy to witness the sensation that his picture had created.

Wilkie, throughout his life, was always a singularly modest and retiring man, and he seems, at this period at all events, to have been scarcely conscious of his own great powers. He determined to work hard, he tells us, because he knew he was not a genius. He was, indeed, whether a genius or not, a most industrious painter.

From the time of the exhibition of the Village Politicians, in 1806, until his death, in 1841, he scarcely missed one year (except during the time he was abroad, and suffering so greatly in health that he was unable to paint), sending a picture, and generally more than one, to the Royal Academy. His journal is but one long record of unremitting toil, telling of one picture after another begun, continued, finished, and exhibited.

Yet Wilkie does not seem, at any time, to have derived a large income from his constant labours, and we find that, through no fault of his own, he became deeply involved in money difficulties during some years of his life.

Anxiety of this sort, added to overwork and severe domestic affliction, caused Wilkie's health, which had never been very strong, to utterly break down; and from the year 1825 his life became the wearying one of an invalid, travelling from place to place in search of health and happiness, but finding neither. From Paris he went to Rome, from Rome to Venice, and from Venice he set out on a tour through Germany, returning to Rome,

XIII.

THE PEEP-O'-DAY BOY'S CABIN.

BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.

In the Vernon Collection, at the South Kensington Museum.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY C. W. SHARPE.

where he was most warmly welcomed by all the artists assembled in the great art-city, to spend the winter of 1827. After this he journeyed to Spain, a country which, at that time, was but little known to English artists, although it offered such great artistic advantages.*

Wilkie was especially delighted with the grand works of Spanish art that he beheld at Madrid, and he studied deeply the colouring and effects of the great Spanish painters. This journey to Spain had, indeed, a most important influence on Wilkie's art, for it caused him to entirely alter his style of painting.

After seeing "the glorious Titian," and "the spiritual Velasquez," (as he calls these two great painters,) and the works of most of the other great colourists of the world, it is not much to be wondered at that such a modest man as Wilkie, perceiving his own comparative weakness and deficiency in this respect, should have fallen into the mistake of striving to attain the manner and colouring of these great masters; and, forgetting his own individuality and nationality, should have imitated the language of Spain and Italy, rather than have continued to express his own thoughts in his own way and with his own national accent. Foreign travel, indeed, seems to have exercised the same fatal influence over our greatest Scotch artist that it did over the Flemish and German painters of the seventeenth century, tempting him to desert his former mode of expression to lisp in feeble imitation of a foreign school.

Wilkie himself, however, reckoned that the seven months and ten days that he passed in Spain were the best spent of his professional life. During this period he painted four pictures, of which the most celebrated are "The Maid of Saragossa," and "The Guerilla Council of War."

In the June of 1828 Wilkie returned to England, after an absence of

* "Spain," writes Wilkie, in one of his letters, "is the unpoached game preserve of Europe, in which I have had six months' freedom to myself alone."

three years. Soon after his return he was made Court painter; and, in 1836, he was knighted by William IV.

"The Peep o' day Boy's Cabin," one of the most celebrated of his later pictures, was exhibited in the Royal Academy, in 1836, together with "Wellington writing a Despatch on the night before the Battle of Waterloo," and "Napoleon and the Pope in Conference at Fontainbleau."

In order truthfully to paint the well-known picture of "The Peep-o'-day Boy's Cabin," Wilkie previously made a short tour in Ireland, where he was much struck by the foreign aspect of the people. "The mass of the population," he writes, "has an Italian and Spanish look, and one is surprised that they should speak our own language." But what principally delighted the painter's mind was the primitive nakedness of the Irish children. "They run about the cabins," he further describes, "unclad, realizing to a fervid imagination an age of poetry, yet which the poetry of our own time has not described, and to painting is perfectly new and untouched."

This "unclad" poetry Wilkie has admirably expressed in the little naked child that tumbles on the floor besides its sleeping father, one of the "White Boys," or "Peep-o'-day Boys," as they were called, who gave their name to one of the periodical insurrections in Ireland. The face of the woman in this picture betrays deep anxiety and loving fidelity. She is listening with eager interest to the girl who has been watching at the door of the cabin, and who now communicates the result of her observations in a whisper, for fear of awaking the worn-out and sleeping conspirator. It is evident that there are no English soldiers in sight, and that the Peep-o'-day boy is as yet safe in his humble abode; for the women's faces, although anxious, show no traces of fear of immediate danger; and we may therefore hope that the object of their love and care may escape the hanging he probably has well deserved.

In 1840 Wilkie undertook a journey to the East, principally, as it would seem, with the idea of painting the scenes of Scripture story with a truth of

locality and detail such as artists before his time had seldom thought necessary to give.

"It is a fancy or belief," he writes to Sir Robert Peel, "that the art of our time, and of our British people, may reap some benefit, that has induced me to undertake this journey. It is to see, to inquire, and to judge, not whether I can, but whether those who are younger, or with far higher attainments and powers, may not in future be required, in the advance and spread of our knowledge, to refer at once to the localities of Scripture events, when the great work is to be essayed of representing Scripture history."

It is strange that Wilkie should thus have predicted what has been so powerfully accomplished by several painters of the present day.*

But Wilkie was not destined to accomplish any great Scriptural picture himself; he made, it is true, a great many sketches at Judea and elsewhere, which he no doubt would have worked up had such a task been permitted to fall amongst his life labours; but it was otherwise decreed.

On the first of June, 1841, on his homeward voyage to England, David Wilkie breathed his last. His body was committed to the sea; but his spirit still lives in the numerous records he has left us of his genius and his industry. Leslie, who knew Wilkie intimately for many years, sums up his testimony respecting him in these words, "He was a truly great artist, and a truly good man."

* We may mention especially Mr. Holman Hunt, who in his picture of "The Finding of Christ in the Temple," has realised just that truth of circumstance and place that Wilkie felt was wanting in the old masters.

SIR AUGUSTUS WALL CALLCOTT.

"Toujours bien, et jamais mieux."

MADAME GUIZOT *Of Madame de Genlis.*

OUR illustration of this artist is taken from one of his few figure pictures, and perhaps better exhibits his special characteristic, viz., mediocrity, than any black and white reduction of one of his landscapes could have done. It is certainly not a bad picture; the scene is well arranged, and the figure of Slender is irresolute in action and foolish in face. Simple, too, is stupid, and Mistress Anne Page is undoubtedly pretty. It may be safely asserted that no one without talent could have painted it, and it is equally certain that no one with a spark of genius would have been contented with such a performance. Without much fault, it has neither beauty nor humour; though faithfully telling its story, it is entirely wanting in spirit. To point out a very apparent defect, the stolid stupidity of Simple, and the vacuous hesitation of Slender, are uncontrasted by any sufficient archness, mirth, or intelligence in the face or attitude of "Sweet Anne."

No one, however, achieves the popularity which Callcott did without considerable talent. Though we may now smile at the huge canvases of West, and deride the feeble prettiness of Zuccarelli, it would be foolish and untrue to deny the talent of either artist. The public are indeed ignorant, and

artists often rise to eminence chiefly by flattering their want of education, but nobody can please even the public without talent of some kind. Mr. Tupper, for instance, to draw an analogy from among modern verse-writers, has achieved a popularity which is almost unrivalled, and Mr. Tupper is a favourite mark of scorn among cultivated men; yet it would be ridiculous for them to deny that he possesses talent of a special kind, which gives him sway over a large mass of English men and women, whom such poets as Browning, Tennyson, Morris, and Arnold are powerless to reach. Nor is his success to be despised; for it is, we think, a legitimate success, not that either of a mountebank or a quack doctor, but that of one who has, either by natural gift or by art, learnt to strike the keynote of the average English intelligence. It may sound as a tinkling cymbal to those educated to love the higher harmonies, but it is music to the untrained multitude, and very harmless music, too. Even among those who look down upon him from the heights of scorn there will be found many to whom at an earlier stage of their development such music has not seemed unmelodious, and there is a peculiar amenity about the work of such mediocre men which does not fail to exercise a soothing and beneficial influence on the public at large.

We have introduced the name of Tupper as an analogy rather than a comparison to Callcott, but as far, at least, as amenity is concerned a comparison may properly be made. The first impression of Callcott's pictures is decidedly a pleasing one to those not disposed, or not able, to be critical. Merit is, like everything else, comparative, and, if we were not dowered with the pictures of Turner or Stanfield, we should be thankful for the sea-views of Callcott, and if there are many people who cannot properly appreciate the works of those two greater masters, it is a good thing that they can admire a Callcott and have a Callcott to admire; for if we cut away from the tree of art all but the topmost boughs, we should leave none to rest the weak foot in its ascent. We may say, also, that the work of men, popular in their

day, is of essential aid to us in estimating the general growth of taste, and is a surer guide thereto than the work of genius. That men should not appreciate Wilson adds little to our knowledge; that they should patronize Zuccarelli, teaches us positive truths; that they should neglect Constable, would lead us to think that they had not improved in taste since the days of his classical forerunner; that they should appreciate Callcott, shows a rise. The works of genius, comparatively speaking, start we know not whence, and lead we know not whither, but the works of popular men are fixed milestones on the high road of national progress.

Augustus Wall Callcott was born at Kensington on the 20th of February, 1779. All the authorities which we have been able to consult preserve a profound silence as to his parentage. Who and what his father was is not stated by them; he begins with a brother. This brother was the famous Dr. Callcott, the musical composer, and he at least had a father, who carried on business as a builder. Presuming that his mother did not marry two husbands of the name of Callcott, we are enabled to state with some confidence that the builder had two musical sons, for Augustus was for some time a chorister of Westminster Abbey. But his love for art was greater than his love for music, and at the age of eighteen he was admitted a student of the Royal Academy. Studying under Hoppner, he first attempted portrait painting, and in 1779 exhibited a portrait of a Miss Roberts; but he soon discovered that his talent lay rather in the direction of landscape painting. Accordingly, the Royal Academy catalogue for 1802 contains evidence of five landscapes exhibited by him, and only one portrait. And except the year 1804, he exhibited landscapes yearly till 1813. His progress was rapid. In 1806 he was elected an Associate, and in 1810 a full Academician.

Though accustomed hitherto to exhibit many pictures in the year, he, from 1815 to 1827, confined himself to one picture, a restriction which it is a pity he did not continue, as his talents required concentration to produce works of increasing value. Up to 1827 he may be said to have improved; but

XIV.

ANNE PAGE AND SLENDER.

BY SIR AUGUSTUS W. CALLCOTT, R.A.

In the Sheepshanks Collection, at the South Kensington Museum.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY FREDERICK BACON.

then he married, and he seems to have yielded himself to matrimony and money-making simultaneously. But he had gained his reputation, which never failed to his death. With the confidence of assured position, and the eagerness for production which facility engenders, he painted picture after picture without endeavour after improvement or reference to the authority of nature, and instead of restraining his fluent talent, and concentrating its power, he poured forth his diluted art in streams which were never wanting in quantity, but became thinner and weaker as the years rolled on. Like West, there was no one to open his eyes and everything to blind them, for his reputation increased almost as his power diminished. He was fashionable, as perhaps no other landscape-painter in England ever was before or since. Carriages crowded to Kensington full of great people eager to see the great artist's works before they were sent to the Academy; and in 1837, on the accession of Queen Victoria, he received the honour of knighthood. In 1844 he was appointed Conservator of the Royal Pictures, and in November the 25th of the same year, he died.

Though Callcott did not succeed in figure-paintings, of which he painted some half-dozen, his best quality—viz., a refined taste of arrangement—is not better exemplified than in his judicious introduction of figures into his landscapes. This sense of harmonious disposition of form gives an unreal appearance of perfection to his pictures; and it was probably to this quality that he owed his great popularity, and his *soubriquet* of The English Claude; it is this which yet charms us in his pictures; and, we may add, which we often look for in vain in the otherwise far finer landscapes of the more modern school.

We cannot better conclude this sketch of Callcott than by quoting the words of Mr. Ruskin, who very truly, if somewhat severely, speaks of him thus:—

"I see not any preference or affection in the artist; there is no tendency in him with which we can sympathize, nor does there appear any sign of

aspiration, effort, or enjoyment in any of his works. He appears to have completed them methodically, to have been content with them when completed, to have thought them good, legitimate, regular pictures; perhaps in some respects better than nature. He painted everything tolerably, and nothing excellently; he has given us no gift, struck for us no light."

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON.

" Ein grosser Fehler besteht darin, dass man sich mehr dünkt, als man ist, und sich weniger schätzt, als man werth ist."—GOETHE.

TWENTY-TWO years have now passed away since the Monday morning in June, 1846, when Miss Haydon, entering her father's painting-room, found him dead before his easel, with its yet unfinished picture of " Alfred and the first British Jury." The clamorous, frenzied life, with its sound and fury, its strength and weakness, its feverish energy and unsound ambition, had ended at last. He had killed himself. His will, his watch, his prayer-book, were all carefully arranged upon the neighbouring table. Upon it, too, lay his diary, posted up to the day, and finished with a theatrical flourish as sad as horrible :—

" 22nd.—God forgive me. Amen.
Finis
of
B. R. Haydon.
'Stretch me no longer on this rough world.'—*Lear.*
End of the twenty-sixth volume."

" Cet homme ira loin, car il croit en lui-mème." Here at least is an

apparent exception to a fairly general rule. If ever human being believed in himself, it was this self-styled "Historical Painter;" and if ever life, with its weak and pitiful shifts, its misdirected powers and miserable moral, offered an example of the error of such belief, it is this life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, as he has disclosed it in the twenty-six folio volumes of Journals, which Mr. Tom Taylor, his biographer, has taken for the basis of his task. Nothing but the Coroner's verdict finding him to have been of unsound mind can explain the major portion of the melancholy narrative. There are traces of mental disproportion throughout which seem to make the end inevitable—signs of an inner sickness so sad that, ere the pages have been wholly traversed, one feels inclined to score the cross athwart them, and to write, as upon doors in dismal days of pest and plague, "Lord, have mercy upon us."

An Italian workman in his father's shop seems first to have inspired him with the extravagant dreams of greatness which he hardly ever relinquished. His father, a well-to-do bookseller of Plymouth, intended to place his son in his own business. But the boy insisted, with a pertinacity which counterfeited the instinct of genius, that he would be a painter. The thought "convulsed his whole frame," he says. "No tortures of the rack would have altered his resolution." He "insulted the customers," regarded all opposition as simply superfluous, and finally, having purchased, against his father's will, a splendid copy of Albinus on Anatomy, which, with characteristic laxity, he sent home to be paid for, he vanquished the parental objections, and came to London, at eighteen years of age, full of Sir Joshua (whose "Discourses" he had devoured), of drawing, of dissection, and of high art. He would be a Raphael, Titian, and Michael Angelo in one, or "die in the trial."

Hogarth, as we have seen, had expressed his opinion years before that historical painting would not succeed in England. The opinion was further to be illustrated by Haydon's failures. "Heestorical Peinter!" said North-

cote, sardonically, "why, yee'll starve, with a bundle of straw under your head." But the boy of eighteen, who had pored over Albinus till his friends believed him mad, who had shut himself up like an ascetic with his books and casts, whose long silence made his gums "painfully sore from the clenched tightness of his teeth," whom a serious attack of blindness could not divert from his darling purpose, was not likely to listen to well-meant discouragement, but spent his life instead to prove the truth of the advice. "I will never paint portraits," he said to Fuseli, then Keeper of the Academy, "but devote myself to high art." And the "gifted wild beast," as Haydon styles him, looked fiercely at him, and said, "Keep to dat."

Wilkie was an Academy student in these days; much like his portrait by himself in the Exhibition at South Kensington—a "raw, tall, pale Scotchman,"—"an odd fellow, with something in him;" whom Haydon one day found sitting naked upon his bed and sketching accurately his own similitude in the looking-glass. Between Haydon and the shrewd and prudent Wilkie, who thought this "copital practice," sprung up a queer dissonant friendship, which lasted longer than might have been anticipated. At the Academy, too, he met John Jackson, who, with Lord Mulgrave's assistance, was gradually progressing as a portrait painter.

Jackson introduced him to his patron, who gave him a commission "to paint a grand historical picture to set him going." He chose for his subject the old heroic story of Sicinius Dentatus dying hard, against a rock, like a bear at bay. But before he set to work upon this he painted a picture of "Joseph and Mary resting on the Road to Egypt." "It was an attempt," he says, in one of those chronicles of his pictures which not seldom excel the pictures themselves, "to unite all parts of the art as a means of conveying thought, in due subordination. It had colour, light and shadow, impasto, handling, drawing, form and expression." It was fairly hung in the Exhibition, and was afterwards purchased by Mr. Thomas Hope, the author of "Anastasius."

Thereupon he set to work at the "Dentatus." For his help the famous Elgin Marbles had arrived in England, and the eager artist, puzzling himself to reconcile anatomy, inferior models, and antique beauty, records with delight his discovery of these divine relics. "Here were the principles which the great Greeks in their finest time established; and here was I, the most prominent historical student, perfectly qualified to appreciate all this by my own determined mode of study." At last, he thought, he could combine Albinus and classicism, could fuse his anatomical science with the choicest forms of ancient loveliness. The "Dentatus" was to be the evidence of all this in the extravagant visions of the enthusiastic student, who sat copying the "marbles ten, fourteen, and fifteen hours at a time," drawing with one hand and holding his board and candle in the other. His hero's head was to be "such as the GREATEST PAINTER that ever LIVED could have made it." Its progress, he says, was watched with universal interest. For the time Wilkie was forgotten. Discussions would take place upon its merit and fiery fury. Mr. Haydon, the young man who had never had the advantages of foreign travel, was looked to to revive the art. A great historical painter would arise, said the learned in these things, and this was he, who chronicled it all, with a credulity well-nigh childish.

Meanwhile, the diary contains other records, which somewhat contradict these lofty forecasts. To-day the feverish indecision of the painter blots the work of yesterday. How many times in the two years which elapsed between its commencement and completion did he paint and repaint it? On Tuesday he "obliterates his principal figure;" on Wednesday he re-sketches it from Sam, an Academy porter; on Saturday he again "dashes out the head without a moment's hesitation." Then further alterations are recorded, and a few days later we find it coming out again; a month on there is another record, "Took out my hero." At last, in March, 1809, it is finished. Lord Mulgrave paid two hundred guineas for it; it was hung in the Academy; it was criticised. On the whole, although some merits were conceded, the

XV.

THE HERO AND HIS HORSE.

BY BENJAMIN R. HAYDON.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY THOMAS LUPTON.

public verdict did not satisfy the hyperbolical expectations of the artist. Marred as it is by defective colouring and extravagant muscularity, it has still a kind of strained, convulsive talent. But its leading faults are the characteristic faults of all his subsequent pictures—violence, vulgarity and excess. It was finally nailed up by its possessor in its packing-case, and deposited in a stable.

The blow was a bitter one. But it was not for Haydon to profit by this kind of lesson. His wounded vanity turned raging upon the Academy. He was the victim of oppression, of interested blindness. His attempts "to unite colour, expression, handling, light, shadow, and heroic form," had been ignored; his picture combining (as he asserted it did) "the idea and the life, under the influence and guidance of the divine productions of Phidias, seen for the first time in Europe, and painted by the first artist ever permitted to draw from those remains," . . . "was ruined in reputation through the pernicious power of professional men;" and he, the "sincere, devoted artist, was treated like a culprit, deserted like a leper, abused like a felon, and ridiculed as if his pretensions were the delusions of a madman."

The fact was that they were, if not "of a madman," certainly "delusions;" and no bitter teaching of experience—and his was bitter beyond measure—could ever teach the unhappy painter so. This story of the "Dentatus" is the story of nearly all his other pictures. It only lacks the accompaniment of debt to suit the "Macbeth," the "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," the "Raising of Lazarus," "The Judgment of Solomon," and the rest. The last-named picture is held, by so good a judge as Mr. G. F. Watts, to be "beyond all comparison his best." It was ultimately purchased by Sir Edwin Landseer, and was exhibited at the International Exhibition of 1862, where, Messrs. Redgrave inform us, "it did not attract any special notice or enthusiasm."

Besides these must be noticed the "Punch on Mayday," now in the South Kensington Museum, and the "Mock Election," painted from a

scene witnessed during one of his four sojourns in the King's Bench prison.

This last, which the artist held to rival Hogarth, was purchased by George IV. for five hundred guineas; and a second picture, called "Chairing the Member," was the result of its success. This, however, the king declined to purchase. Another was the "Reform Banquet at Guildhall," for which Lord Grey gave him the commission; and the diary contains lively notices of the various distinguished sitters whose heads were introduced into it. The picture, however, was a comparative failure, and the likenesses were not good. During its progress he was arrested, but was released by the kindness of friends, whom he never lacked through life, although he seems to have been singularly unscrupulous in his demands, both upon their purses and indulgence. Then there is the "Napoleon musing at St. Helena," followed by a pendant, "Wellington musing at Waterloo," of which we give a photograph. These pictures were probably the commissions of a printseller, and (the former especially) were successes.* It should be noted that in both of these he has avoided the painting of the faces—always a difficulty with him where portrait is concerned—by turning the backs of the pair to the spectator. Also, it may be remarked, *en passant*, that the Duke never held his own horses as he is here depicted. This was pointed out by Lord Fitzroy Somerset. Haydon's *croquis* (in ink) of the Duke, and of his four days' visit to Walmer Castle, is drawn in the journal with infinite vivacity and spirit.

From the date of the painting of the "Dentatus," his life seems to have been one long struggle with pecuniary embarrassment. As has been said, he was at no time without friends or admirers. West, Wilkie, and Beaumont helped him; several of his pictures sold for considerable sums, and he made money by lecturing. But from the beginning of obligation, in 1807, till

* He afterwards executed a copy of the "Napoleon" for Sir Robert Peel. The sketch was so popular that in his needy latter days he painted endless replicas of it.

the end, in 1846, the terrible rolling stone of debt goes gathering, until it becomes "an excruciating anxiety," which almost drives him mad. The journals are a record of extravagant exultations, desperate depressions, and passionate pamphleteering in favour of high art and history painting, until at last we find him, with shattered powers and failing strength, a rejected candidate for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, for the very thing which had been the dream of his whole life, and which his persistent efforts had, he considered, been instrumental in initiating. But his irregular training had not enabled him to compete successfully with the younger and fresher men. The blow left him a broken man. Henceforth we find him painting wildly and weakly—"staring at his canvas like an idiot"—"flying at it like an inspired devil." Only two more hopeless years, and he had perished by his own hand.

His ability, no doubt, was great, but it was misdirected and misapplied. It is not unlikely that many things would have suited him far better than the profession of an artist. As a teacher he was successful, and numbered the Landseers among his pupils. As a lecturer, in particular, he was singularly happy. As an advocate of the dignity of art he did much.

Like Fuseli, like Richardson, he wrote better than he painted. There are sketches of places, and of contemporaries, in the diaries which for fitness of descriptive epithet, for vigour, animation and *clairvoyance* can scarcely be surpassed.

Yes, energy and talent he had, undoubtedly, but he misused and over-estimated them. He believed in himself, to use the expression before quoted, but did *not* succeed. He mistook a vague desire for conquering capacity, a delusive vanity for honest self-reliance. "Herein," says Goethe in the wise words that we have chosen for our motto, "lies a fatal fault,—that a man shall think himself more than he really is, and rate himself at less than he is really worth." They might stand for the epitaph of Haydon.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

"Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue."—W. COLLINS.

THERE is indeed a wide difference between cheerfulness, as drawn by the classical poet, and the cheerfulness which is the characteristic of his namesake's pictures. The artist had no ideal nymph; he would have rather embodied Cheerfulness as a little girl, running about in the early morning; and her

"Buskins gemm'd with morning dew"

would have been represented by prosaic wet boots. There was nothing classical about Collins, he was English modern, heart and soul; but if his art did not rise among the clouds, it was at least as healthy as mundane art could be.

It is indeed refreshing to turn from the works of Callcott to the fresh beauty of Collins' pictures, full of bright light and life and colour, peopled with charming little ragged folks, "as happy as a king," in their enjoyment of mere existence. Surely he deserved even more than all the popularity he gained, for he did no work that was not sweet and good, and appealed to no feeling but what was pure and healthy. Not the severest critic would, we hope, look long upon his charming scenes without feeling some sympathy with the artist and his work, or would grudge him even a little more praise than the strictness of his principles would usually allow to works of such slight motive.

XVI.

THE STRAY KITTEN.

BY WILLIAM COLLINS, R.A.

In the Vernon Collection, at the South Kensington Museum.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY H. C. SHENTON.

This good man and charming artist was born on the 18th of September, 1788. His father was Irish, his mother Scotch. He was an Englishman, perhaps a Cockney, if indeed, the sound of Bow Bells reaches as far as Great Titchfield Street. Here his father lived, a picture-dealer of literary talent, or a literary man who added to his income by dealing in pictures. At all events there were pictures to copy, and at least one artist to emulate. This artist was none other than the famous George Morland, a friend of the elder Collins; and it is pleasant to find that he was, in spite of all his folly and vice, of some use in the world as a man. From him young William learnt to love drawing and to hate drunkenness. From him also Collins perhaps caught that spirit of rusticity, which fills his pictures, and the peculiar mixture of landscape and figure-painting which was the characteristic of himself and his master. The contrast between the two is a painful one. On the one side there is the prematurely old artist squandering his fruitful talent, and on the other a mere child picking up the scattered grain and sowing it in virgin soil. Collins' art owed Morland much, but Morland's art owed Collins more, for he reclaimed the draggled beauty from the kennel and served her ever after like a knight.

Industrious and orderly is the character given of Collins as a youth. He worked hard at the Academy, to which he was admitted as a student in 1807, and he gained a silver medal for drawing from the life in 1809. Even at this early period he began to exhibit, and his works of that time, though (we might almost say, of course,) not distinguished by any special merit, save modesty and care, found purchasers. Thus his outset in life was not without encouragement, and he soon began to make an income which does not often fall to the lot of artists of his age. In 1811, for instance, he received £317 for his labours, and in 1813, £557, an unusual sum for an artist of twenty-four.

This unusual crop was, however, much needed, for in the preceding year he had lost his father; and his father died without leaving anything but

his memory behind him. Collins, however, met with generous assistance from his friends and patrons, among whom Mrs. Hand and Sir Thomas Heathcote deserve to be mentioned. In this year also he *deserved* encouragement, for in it he produced his picture of "The Sale of the Pet Lamb," a work which was enough to secure him attention, and possibly had no inconsiderable influence on the votes which elected him an Associate of the Royal Academy in the following year. In this year he also exhibited "The Burial-place of a Favourite Bird," which possessed the same qualities of tender pathos and unaffected sentiment as the "Pet Lamb."

But then his popularity waned, or at least his success in selling his pictures fell off, and he bethought himself of

"Fresh woods and pastures new;"

and in 1815 went to Cromer, and studied the sea. But this additional "attraction" failed of success at the moment, for the nation was not in a picture-buying mood, having too much to spend on taxes to indulge in taste; but Collins was not disheartened, though his pictures remained on his hands. He, however, must have had a weary time of waiting, for in 1816 we find this entry in his diary, "a dreary, black-looking, April day, with one sixpence in my pocket, £700 in debt, shabby clothes, a fine house, a large stock of my own handiworks." But the cheerfulness of his pictures came from his heart, for he adds, "a certainty (as anything short of a bird-in-hand can be) of a couple of hundreds, and a determination unshaken—and, please God, not to be shaken by anything—of becoming a great painter, than which I know no greater name."

The revival of his success was not, we are glad to add, far off. Norfolk not having succeeded, he tried Hastings, and produced from the neighbouring coast pictures of sea and shore, bright air and picturesque figures, which did *not* remain in his studio. In 1818 one of these was purchased by the Prince Regent, and the artist's struggles were soon over.

He had previously been compelled to resort to portrait-painting as the only sure means of profit, but now he was able to abandon it entirely; the members of the Royal Academy ratified the verdict of the public, and in 1820 he was admitted to their full honours.

In 1836, moved thereto by Wilkie, his intimate friend, he left England for Italy, where he spent two years. On his return the pictures he exhibited surprised his former admirers. "It was amusing," writes his son, "to see many of the gazers at his new productions, looking perplexedly from catalogue to picture, and from picture to catalogue, to assure themselves that they really beheld any of Collins' works in the bright southern scenes displayed before them." Till 1844 he continued to paint scenes from Italy, and then went back to England, his old love.

It is said that his unwise practice of painting at all times of the day while at Sorrento, though he was warned of its folly by his friends, sowed the seeds of the disease by which he was vanquished at last. A rheumatic attack left behind it disease of the heart, and though he lived for eleven years afterwards, he was never the same man again. It was under great suffering that he painted, in 1846, his beautiful picture of "Early Morning," of which Mr. Ruskin says, "I have never seen the oppression of sunlight in a clear, lucid, rainy atmosphere, more perfectly or faithfully rendered, and the various portions of reflected and scattered light are all studied with equal truth and solemn feeling." In the February of the following year, on the 17th of the month, Collins was dead.

If he never fulfilled his determination of becoming a *great* painter, he achieved a special and considerable position among English artists. If he is not great, there is nothing in his art that is small, nothing that is affected, nothing that is meretricious. He was a rare, genuine, and original painter, who combined in a manner almost unexampled the elements of popularity with those of true art. To look at his pictures is almost to love the artist, so bright and cheerful are they, so full of happy colour, so

lit with tender feeling. For the quality of transparency alone they are precious; if it were merely for their faithfulness they would be valuable; but for their refined expression of all that is sweet in rustic life, and for their sense of sympathy between the joy of children and the beautiful world they inhabit, they are almost incomparably dear.

WILLIAM ETTY.

"Every painter ought to paint what he himself loves, not what others have loved; if his mind be pure and sweetly toned, what he loves will be lovely."—RUSKIN.

THAT Etty's mind was pure and sweetly toned there can be no doubt, and if exception is taken to his pictures on the score of purity, it is only through ignorance and want of true power of moral distinction. It is a hackneyed saying that to the pure all things are pure; but if it needed an excuse for its repetition, it would surely be found in reviewing the works of a man like Etty, whose life was spent in devotion to what he considered the most noble (and even holy) branch of art.

At first he had thought to paint "Landscape," to use his own words, "The sky was so beautiful, and the effects of Light and Cloud. Afterwards, when I found that all the great painters of antiquity had become thus great through painting Great Actions, and the Human Form, I resolved to paint nothing else; and, finding God's most glorious work to be WOMAN, that all human beauty had been concentrated in her, I resolved to dedicate myself to painting,—not the Draper's or Milliner's work,—but God's most glorious work, more finely than ever had been done."

The artistic life of which the above passage is the chord, began on the 10th of March, 1787. Etty's father was a miller and ginger-bread baker, who married somewhat above his station, and was, with his wife, discarded by

the more prosperous branch of her family. After settling unsuccessfully in various places, he at last settled, and this time successfully, in York, where his ginger-bread achieved a high local fame. His mother seems to have been, in person and natural parts, a superior woman, with a face, according to Sir Thomas Lawrence, "like a Madonna."

"More like a girl, or an old man, than a boy;" and with "a large head, sandy hair, standing all ways, above a face which the recent scars of small-pox had done little to embellish," quiet, timid, shy, reserved, mild and affectionate, is the description given of young William Etty.

He was apprenticed when only eleven years of age to a printer, to whom he served his full time—seven years;—but he "always thought to be a painter, dreamed of nothing else." "Everything spake to me of the greatness of art: all that passed through my hands as a printer. And I fed my soul with the prints in the printsellers' windows."

He served his full time; but he looked upon it as servitude, and down to within a month of his death, he recorded the 23rd of October, in his letters and diaries, as the "anniversary of my emancipation from slavery."

He was now nineteen, and found a patron of his talent in his uncle, who lived in London, and in 1807 he was admitted as a probationer of the Academy schools, where he drew the Laocoon side by side with Collins. In July, in the same year, Sir Thomas Lawrence took him as his pupil, his uncle paying a premium of one hundred guineas. He worked hard, both for himself and Lawrence, for whom he retained a faithful admiration till the end of his life. In 1809 his uncle died and left him a legacy.

This same year he sent pictures both to the Royal Academy and the British Gallery, but they were all returned; and it was not till 1811, after six years regular study, that he succeeded in getting any of his pictures exhibited. In this year his "Sappho" was accepted by the British Institution, and his "Telemachus rescues the Princess Antiope from the Fury

XVII.

"YOUTH AT THE PROW, AND PLEASURE AT THE HELM."

BY WILLIAM ETTY, R.A.

In the Vernon Collection, at the South Kensington Museum.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY C. W. SHARPE.

of the Wild Boar," by the Royal Academy. But as yet his pictures were, according to Leslie, but "black and colourless attempts at ideal subjects."

No man ever worked harder to achieve success than Etty, or was longer in accomplishing it. For ten years he saw his contemporaries, with inferior talents, rising over his head, for their genius, if less great, was quicker in ripening. He was, he allows, "a bad painter for ten years;" and, says Mr. Gilchrist, "was looked upon by his companions as a worthy, plodding person, with no chance of ever becoming a good painter."

In 1816 he made a false start for Rome, the promised land of painters. After studying awhile at Paris and Florence, he became homesick, and returned. In 1818 his father died, and, except constant work, and falling in love, there are few milestones on his journey in life till the year 1820.

In this year, after having exhibited nine years in succession to little or no purpose, he made his first success, a double-barrelled one, with "Pandora," at the British Institution, and the "Coral Finders," at the Royal Academy; but it was not till the ensuing year, when he exhibited his "Cleopatra," that he made the sensation which nearly all great painters or artists make once in a lifetime. "He awoke famous," Leslie says. This picture was enough to make the fame of any artist. The colour of it, the power of painting, especially the flesh painting, and the natural beauty of the figures, were things almost new to English art. Having painted such a picture, and gained such applause, most men would have been content with themselves, and thought that they were masters and need go to school no more.

But Etty's head was not to be turned in this way. The next year we find him, as it were, recommencing study with an earnestness never excelled even by him. He went to Paris again, and this time also to Rome, where he met Canova, Eastlake, and Gibson, and though he had another severe love attack, which he describes as a wound,—"My other loves were scratches," he says,—he was not diverted from the work of his life; he went to Naples and to Venice, "the hope and idol of his (my) professional life,"

copying assiduously the best pictures. The Venetians were surprised by his swift vigorous work. "He paints," they said, "with the fury of a devil, and the sweetness of an angel." On one of his rambles, he fell into a canal, and was dubbed "Canal-Etty." On his return home, after a year and a half's travel, he writes to his brother that he has "completed, and more than completed," the intention of it. "My object was to see what had been done by the great names in art. I *have* seen, and made upwards of fifty memorials in oil colour." It is characteristic to find that he was to be found on the Academic bench, studying from "the life" the day after his arrival home.

The self-denial exercised by Etty, by what Mr. Gilchrist well terms "suspending his creative course to perfect himself technically," appears the greater when we know how many of his best works were already thought of in his mind. It would appear to have been the period in his life when his fancy most teemed with poetical conceptions. His first sketch of "Youth at the Prow," had been exhibited at the British Institution, and, among others, his "Hylas," and "Temple of Vice," had been sketched.

We wish particularly to insist upon this point; as it seems to us to be one of all others most characteristic of the man—a man who, incessantly labouring after an ideal perfection, thought no sacrifice too great to achieve it. Such men never reach what to them is perfection, and go on striving to improve after their powers have reached maturity. We have given what may be called a half-length of Etty's life; a catalogue of his pictures would be the best history of the rest, which was spent mainly in painting, and in occasional but successful endeavours to restrain profane hands (most of them clerical ones, by the bye,) from destroying the architectural beauties of his dear old York and its cathedral.

In 1824 he began to live in Buckingham Street, where, with occasional trips to York and abroad, he remained almost to the last. He never married. His mother and a niece came to stay with him in Buckingham Street;

the niece came to him for a few weeks, and stayed for twenty-five years, his house-keeper and dear friend.

Our picture is one of his best and most characteristic works. Its subject is one of a class which is peculiarly his own. A vision of his own fancy, in which he was able to luxuriate in his love for colour and beauty absolutely free and untrammelled. It is a work which belongs to no school, its theme has less reality even than a legend, it is a scene from no world, peopled by beings of no race, and neither beautified nor spoilt by any association. It is a vision, we repeat, a vision of happiness, of purity, of gorgeous colour and lovely shapes, of swelling lines and liquid lustre, the dreams of a pure-minded Englishman saturated with love for ancient art and modern beauty.

By "modern" we mean the beauty which he saw with his own eyes. In the rest of the picture, in colour, arrangement and landscape, he painted nature as seen by the eyes of a poet; but in his figures he could never quite rise to the same level. It was as though the poetry of his nature—and his was a largely poetic nature—could not overcome the palpable reality of his models. He loved beauty, both real and ideal, and in his pictures the two beauties struggle vainly for the mastery. But the struggle is not a hostile one, and the result is a compromise, which, while destructive of perfect congruity, produces a peculiar beauty of its own.

Etty is an almost ideal instance of how completely the love for sensuous beauty may exist distinct from that of the sensual. His desire to paint woman better than she had ever been painted before originated in the feeling that it is man's noblest aim to paint God's most glorious work. With a nature that delighted in the most luxurious aspects of female loveliness, he never drew a figure that had any immodesty other than nudity, or that could, to a pure mind, suggest an *arrière pensée.*

Though perhaps he will hereafter be best remembered, as he is certainly now best known, as a painter of the sensuous beauty of women, it must

never be forgotten that his most devoted work and his greatest efforts were directed to a far higher aim. In the grand series of pictures, most of which are now collected at Edinburgh, his "Combat," his "Benaiah," his three "Judiths," and his three scenes from the life of "Joan of Arc," his love of beauty of form is subordinate to the lofty purpose of illustrating the noblest feelings of humanity. Most of us have seen the engravings from the series of "Joan of Arc," and though we cannot but deplore that these works were not achieved till his powers had to a great extent failed, there is a grandeur of aim and conception in them which shows the nobility of the spirit with which he worked.

To conclude; Etty's progress was throughout slow, if sure; he was late in obtaining mastery of his art, late in obtaining fame, later in obtaining competence. It was not till he was fifty-four that he began to realize property of his own, and this though he was one who schooled himself "to scorn delight and live laborious days." Then making his will, and fearful that he might die without leaving sufficient property to carry out his intentions, he began to lay by. His fear was, however, needless, for he died in good circumstances, leaving £200 a-year and his house at York to his niece, and the rest of his property to his brother Walter, who, after his uncle's death, had supplied the artist with all the money he required during the many years which elapsed before he was able to support himself.

If his commencement was tedious and his progress was slow, his last years were full to the brim with fame and prosperity. He died on the 13th of November, 1849.

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER.

"He was buried on the 30th December, by his own desire, in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose genius he idolized."

ART UNION, *February*, 1852.

THE two lovers of "golden tones," the two artists who, so different in their lines of art, are yet bound together inseparably as the greatest amongst English colourists, now rest side by side.

If Hogarth's remains were removed to the crypt of St. Paul's, that building would hold within it the dust of the three English artists of superlative genius. But the art of Turner has little sympathy with that of Hogarth, much with that of Reynolds. The peculiar art of Hogarth was allied to literature, but Reynolds and Turner were painters, heart and soul.

Indeed, when we come to think of it, despite their different branches of art, there is an extraordinary sympathy in the way in which these two great men looked upon and treated their subjects. Neither of them was content with the ordinary aspect of nature; each of them treated her with a glorious poetical license; each of them at the same time strove to express her inner essence, and did, in fact, express it with more success than any other painter in his own line. Each of them idolized colour and (to descend to a matter of detail) ruined many of their finest works by daring experiments in its worship; both possessed inexhaustible powers of invention and

combination; in a word, both of them had not only had larger artistic faculties than any other two English artists, but there was a sympathy of desire, and a oneness of aim in their art, which is remarkable considering the wide distinction between their special subjects.

In our paper on Hogarth we have mentioned that he chose his walk of art between the sublime and the grotesque; and we have also pointed out that this is the path of most art. To alter slightly the terms employed, it might be said that the domain of Art lies between pure Idea on the one hand, and pure Fact on the other; the former being above its reach as the other is below it. Of our three superlative artists, Hogarth may be said to cling closest to Fact, Turner to soar highest towards Idea, while Sir Joshua hangs midway between.

The comparison of the powers of great men is seldom successful, and generally ends in mere confusion of ideas. Comparison of all complex bodies must be founded on strict analysis; and this is a laborious process, which critics find it easier to laugh at than to attempt: but we think it will be found that comparisons—not complete indeed, but, as far as they go, satisfactory—can be established between the mental calibres of all great men by a careful solution of their works into their elements; and these elements, though almost infinitely combined by the chemistry of individual natures are not themselves many. This is not the place to pursue such a discussion, but it may be said in passing that Turner seems to have possessed more of these elements than either of the other two great men we have mentioned, to have combined them with greater skill and variety, and to have produced thereby not only more complete and exquisite effects of beauty and truth, but a greater number of them. Hogarth seldom rises high above Fact; Reynolds, though certainly carrying idealization almost as far as his special branch of art would allow him, proved that he could not carry it farther—that this power in his mind reached its highest development in connection with the representation of given facts; but Turner

ascended the whole gamut from Fact to Idea—beginning with the most faithful and literal transcripts of nature, he rose upwards till his power of idealization transcended the limits of his art, and nature disappeared dissolved in the rays of its own essence.

Joseph Mallord William Turner was born on the 23rd of April, 1775, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, the son of a hairdresser, who appears to have acted judiciously by his son, giving him such little education as he could afford, and not discouraging the early attempts of his genius, some of which appear to have been exhibited in the hairdresser's window. The first endeavours towards a true study of natural landscape had already been made; and it was the fortune of Turner to obtain the friendship of Girtin, the water-colour artist, who had proceeded further than his contemporaries along the new road from topographical drawing to art. He had discovered the use of "accident" and attained great power in rendering broad effects of sunlight and shadow, and in poetical idealization of nature. The drawing of Rivaulx Abbey, now in the National Collection at South Kensington, will show at once the height which he had reached above his precursors, and the height which Turner attained above him. Girtin introduced Turner to Dr. Munro, of the Adelphi, who had a fine collection of drawings. These Turner and Girtin had the privilege of copying; and the doctor employed them to sketch for him, paying them half-a-crown for the evening's work, and providing them with supper. Turner was also employed in washing in backgrounds for architectural drawings, and colouring engravings for Raphael Smith. But he soon found more profitable and pleasurable employment in topographical drawing; and, according to Messrs. Redgrave, "before he became an Associate of the Royal Academy, in 1800, his exhibited works ranged over twenty-six counties of England and Wales, many of which he had apparently visited several times, at a period when travelling was far less easy than in our own day."

According to Mr. Wornum, "he entered as a student of the Royal

Academy, in 1789, and he exhibited a drawing of Lambeth Palace in the following year; in 1799," (or one year earlier than the date assigned by Messrs. Redgrave,) "he was elected an Associate, and in April, 1802, he became a member of the Academy."

His first exhibited *oil*-painting was the little study of "Moonlight on the Thames at Millbank," now in the National Gallery. This was exhibited in 1797. Down to this time he was employed principally upon water-colour drawings of the scenery of England; and even down to 1802, he had produced nothing in oil which calls for special notice. In this year, however, being twenty-seven years of age, he exhibited the "Tenth Plague of Egypt," and "Jason in search of the Golden Fleece," pictures too well known to need a description here. Hitherto his works show that he was still a student, a careful student of high and original powers, both of nature and of works of art, working his way up through apprenticeship to mastery; but now his student-ship may be said to have ended. In a certain sense, he was, indeed, a student all his life; but down to this time his own individuality, though apparent enough, was not pre-eminent in his pictures. Like all truly great men, he fully mastered what had been done in the past before he ventured to give his genius full liberty. He assured himself that he fully understood the whole plan, and had attained complete skill as a workman, before he dared to add new stones to the great cathedral of Art.

The works of Claude and Wilson had no doubt great influence upon Turner; and the style of Wilson is specially noticeable in his early oil-pictures. But the Jason shows a true strength of imagination which no landscape-painter before or since has equalled. After 1802, the date given by Mr. Wornum as the commencement of his second style, Turner rises above all imitation; and if he imitates it is only at will, as when the style of a master is particularly suited to the subject, or in a spirit of conscious emulation.

As Mr. Ruskin has dedicated many years of his life, and a great portion of five large volumes, not to mention several pamphlets, to the art of Turner,

XVIII.

THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

BY JAMES MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, R.A.

In the possession of Mr. Munro of Novar.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY W. MILLER.

and has not exhausted his subject, we feel that smallness of space and diffidence of powers will excuse us from attempting anything like a history of the progress of Turner's genius, or a competent criticism of his works. Fortunately, Mr. Ruskin's magnificent "Apologia" is well known and easily attainable. It leaves little to wish, except that Mr. Ruskin had taken upon himself the task of writing Turner's biography—a task which has yet to be accomplished in a manner worthy of the man and of English literature.

Of the technical merits of his art we do not propose to treat; but we would say a few words respecting its scope—one greater than that perhaps of any artist who ever lived. Between such pictures as the "Calais Pier," and "Phryne going to the Bath," there seems to be a gulf fixed, impassable to ordinary man: it is almost unbelievable that these two pictures are the works of the same hand and eye. In the one we see everything gloomily true to the life—the rugged worn planks of the pier, the dark rising sea dashing against it, the bold black cloud spreading rapidly like an ink-blot over the sky, the hurry of the departing boat filled with rough sailors, the parting squabble with the wife; nothing is wanting to express the true spirit of an ordinary scene; it is a picture of Calais pier, of rough humanity and rough weather; all is bustle and blow, piping of wind and shouting of men; all hoarse, rude, bluff, and boisterous. Now let us turn to the "Phryne." What a change! A change from the stern gloomy facts of life to the calm sunny glory of Paradise; from darkness to light; from rough struggling for bread to luxurious abandonment to luxury in a land where want is unknown; from the rude reality of a narrow unsentimentalized existence to the unclouded regions of infinite imagination. Instead of the boisterous black background of violent cloud, we have an immeasurably distant prospect of diminishing hills fading away in ineffable glory of sunlight; instead of the rude pier, we have magnificent architecture; instead of weather-worn "toilers of the sea," a sunlit group of glowing limbs and floating folds of translucent drapery; instead of the untameable and restless sea, the stillness

of the sun. But the contrast of form and colour is even surpassed by the contrast of spirit. The pictures seem not only to touch but to proceed from the opposite poles of art. Both are idealizations of nature; but one seems to have started from Fact and the other from Idea. In the "Calais Pier" we find facts arranged and selected with just sufficient imagination to express the full spirit of an ordinary scene; in the other, a germinal idea just sufficiently clothed in natural forms to produce the illusion of reality.

Between these two extremes Turner's art may be said to be perfect, (and he overstepped the higher limit,) and to show in innumerable works gradations almost infinite. He has touched every note in the scale, and combined them into endless harmonies. So great a compass, and such consummate skill, has not, we think, been allowed to any other artist in any branch of art. He includes all other landscape painters; and it is scarcely too much to say, that their works may be tested for the existence of all true and valuable qualities by comparison with his.

Of his later works we would say one word. Having, as no other man ever did, exhausted the beauties of nature, and expressed their essence, he, as it seems to us, by a natural and almost logical process, rose to a point above which all attempt at expression becomes obscure. As a philosopher loses himself in the mists of metaphysical speculation, or a poet in the dreams of inexpressible beauty, so Turner became obscure. He, to adapt another's phrase, saw vaguely what others never see at all; and his means were inadequate to make his visions intelligible to any other eyes. But such obscurity is always noble and worthy of attempts to fathom it, and is as far removed from confusion as the mystery of Kant from the muddled ideas of a boy.*

* A somewhat similar passage occurs in Mr. William Rossetti's admirable article on Turner in the "Fine Arts Quarterly Review;" and we have been pointed out a passage from the writings of M. Taine, which it may be interesting to quote here. That fine critic writes, with regard to "The Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo, "Lorsqu'on a trop longtemps manié ses idées, on les possède mieux, mais on en est moins ému; on pousse au delà de la sensation primitive, la seule vraie, et l'on s'exagère ou l'on se copie."

Close to his beloved Thames, and with the setting sun upon his face, Turner died, on the 19th December, 1851, at a small lodging at Chelsea, where he had long lived under an assumed name, for the purpose of enjoying his lonely studies undisturbed.

It may safely be said, in conclusion, that no man ever did so much in a lifetime for any branch of art as Turner for landscape-painting. He found it just born again, struggling for existence in the double swathes of ignorance and worn-out tradition; or rather, we may say, he found old landscape Art dying, and new landscape Art in its cradle. When he died he had not only reared the new Art to such splendid maturity as the old had never reached, but he infused the fresh blood of the new school into that of the old, and saved the lives of both. To drop our metaphor, which will not bear carrying farther, he seems at first to have pursued both natural and poetical landscape alternately—now painting a "Calais Pier," and now a "Garden of Hesperides;" but afterwards he blended both, dropping all tradition and commingling all beauties in such glorious pictures as "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," and the "Fighting Temeraire."

JOHN MARTIN.

" Creation shudders in sublime dismay,
And in a blazing tempest whirls away."

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

AS Mulready has been likened to Goldsmith, and as we have ventured to draw an analogy between the art of Constable and the poetry of Clare, so we might in the same spirit call Martin the Robert (Satan) Montgomery among painters. Martin, like Montgomery, took the public by storm by imposing extravagance of style, rather than real grandeur of imagination; and, like the poet, disregarded nature in his attempts to express the supernatural. Such parallels are of necessity imperfect; and we should be doing injustice to Martin to place him on the same level as Montgomery—for he was a man of great originality, with considerable powers of imagination; but, to use the words of Mr. William Rossetti, he "is to be distinguished as a master of grandeur inconsistent with the high qualities of art: perspective with him supersedes architecture—scale supersedes drawing—gloom and coruscation supersede the majestic breadth of serenity."

John Martin was born on the 19th July, 1789, at a house called Eastland Ends, at Haydon Bridge, near Hexham, and was apprenticed to a coachmaker at Newcastle. His indenture was, however, cancelled after a few months, and he was placed with an Italian painter, named Bonifaccio Musso,

the father of a son, who, dropping the Italian termination to his name, was known as plain Charles Muss, and attained some distinction as an enamel painter.

With Bonifaccio Musso, Martin came to London in 1806, and lived at the house of his master for a little while, but, this arrangement not proving satisfactory, he soon took lodgings for himself, and devoted his nights to the study of perspective and architecture, his knowledge of which had so great an influence on his future pictures, and may be said to have been the groundwork of his fame. He says, in some biographical notes contributed to the "Athenæum" in 1854, "I was, at this time, during the day, employed by Mr. C. Muss's firm painting on china and glass, by which, and making water-colour drawings and teaching, I supported myself; in fact, mine was a struggling artist's life, when I married, which I did at nineteen." His early employment as a painter on glass seems to us to have had much influence on the quality of the effects which he loved to produce in his pictures. As there is always something of the scene-painter about the pictures of David Roberts, so there seems to be something of the glass-painter about Martin's: by their grandeur of light and gloom, their strong contrasts of colour, their ill-drawn voluminousness of detail, they remind us of nothing so much as magnificent slides for a magic lantern.*

In 1812 Martin exhibited his first picture of importance, "Sadak in search of the Waters of Oblivion," which was purchased for £50 by Mr. Manning, a bank director. As this picture is one of his simplest, we will endeavour to give the reader some idea of the first effort of the ambitious imagination of

* Since writing the above we have come across the following passage in Coleridge's "Table Talk." "It seems to me that Martin never looks at nature except through bits of stained glass," and also a somewhat similar expression in Messrs. Redgrave's "Century of Art," viz., "In his colouring Martin was not successful; gay colours, and want of tone and harmony he never overcame, and there was somewhat of a sense of the *china*-painter to the last." We also learn from the latter authority that Martin actually reproduced his picture of "Belshazzar's Feast" on a sheet of plate-glass. "This was shown in the Strand, inserted in a wall, so that the light was really transmitted through the terrible handwriting."

the young artist. Two-thirds of the picture, measured from the top, are filled with huge mountains, their heights blazing with lightning and dropping fire, their bases hollowed with caves, some of which are filled to the mouth with gloom, and others lit with a lurid light; below them lies the lake which Sadak has yet to swim. Below, the foreground is broken up by a massive ledge of rock, on each side of which the waters of the lake are pouring over the precipice. On the ledge itself a small ill-drawn figure with his legs hanging over the gulf, is seen struggling. This is Sadak, who certainly could never have reached his position by any other than supernatural means, for the broad shelf on which he is dangling overhangs the gulf, and has nothing below it from which he could have climbed or sprung. The scene is grand, or more properly, perhaps, imposing, the light and shade is forcible, and the feeling of the terrific nature of Sadak's exploit is powerfully given. But too powerfully; not Hercules himself could have overcome the difficulty of attaining that ledge ; not Hercules himself, having attained it, would have had strength left to drag his feeble body safe on to the rock. The picture otherwise is marked by a bold disregard of nature, the huge lake pours in exactly evenly-divided streams over the jutting points of rock, like a wig on a block, and falls, we suppose, into the infinite unknown, for no spray or mist rises to tell of any check to its downward course. The rocks themselves are defiant in their disregard of natural stratification, and the light is such as was never shed on sea or shore. On the whole, however, the picture was one which would naturally raise expectations of great things in the future from the mind that conceived, and the hand that could paint it—in a month.

In 1814 Martin sent two pictures to the Royal Academy, one of "Clytie" and the other of "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still." To Martin's disgust they were both placed in the ante-room, but if the Royal Academy would not recognise his Titanic genius he found a society who would. The British Institution, in the following year, hung his "Joshua" in the place of

honour, and awarded it a prize of £100. In his anger at the Academy, Martin removed his name from their list. He, however, continued to exhibit there to the last.

In 1818 he removed to a superior house; and in 1819 produced "The Fall of Babylon;" in 1820, "Macbeth," "one of my most successful landscapes;" and in 1821, his "Belshazzar's Feast," an elaborate picture, which occupied a year in executing, and which received the premium of £200 from the British Institution. Now his success was established, and his reputation, further spread by the real excellence of his peculiar engraving, which showed the remarkable force of the light and shade of his pictures in a way which no other engraver can approach, became prodigious as his own efforts, and the world talked for many years of his "sublime style."

In 1829 his fame had so culminated that he had the honour of an article in the "Edinburgh Review," from which, as it throws some light on the contemporary appreciation of his pictures and the style of art criticism at the time, we will quote a passage. After first making the peculiar choice of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the then President of the Royal Academy, as an artist with whom to compare Martin, and showing with much elaborateness of argument how very different the works of the fashionable portrait-painter were in style and subject to those of the designer of "The Seventh Plague" and the "Fall of Herculaneum," the writer sums up his observations thus:—

"As far, then, as he is to be viewed in this comparison with the President of the Royal Academy, we must say, that in the faculty of depicting the varied expression of the human face, which, though assuredly in a walk far humbler and less difficult, so much contributes to the success of that gentleman, Mr. Martin has hitherto not been successful; and we shall thus find that, of the six* accomplishments which we have ventured to assign as

* Look of life, gentility, delineation of female beauty, touch, fine colouring, character.

mainly contributing to that elegant painter's popularity, there is not one which we dare, in a *high degree*, to attribute to Mr. Martin. Yet he is confessedly a great painter. Glaringly deficient in any one of these qualities, Sir Thomas might have still been a successful painter of faces; but he would never have been sent for to the Congress of Kings;—proud lords and dames would never have deemed themselves as much honoured as honouring in placing themselves beside his easel;—and he would probably never have taken his seat in the chair of the Academy. But, not very eminent in any of these qualities, *and by others totally unassisted*,* Mr. Martin has elevated himself to the very highest station among painters. By what powers he has so raised himself let us now inquire.

"That which chiefly distinguishes Mr. Martin from other artists is his power of depicting the Vast, the Magnificent, the Terrible, the Brilliant, the Obscure, the Supernatural, and sometimes the Beautiful. These are great and noble elements, and are often used by him with a masterly hand. As contrasted with those excited by the exquisite works of the President, to what different sentiments do they not address themselves! In awaking to them, we find ourselves suddenly in a new state of existence. No painter has ever, like Martin, represented the immensity of space—none, like him, made architecture so sublime, merely through its vastness: no painter, like him, has spread forth the boundless valley, or piled mountain upon mountain to the sky—like him has none made light pour down in dazzling floods from heaven; and none has, like him, painted the 'darkness visible' of the infernal deeps."†

These "prave orts" appeared when Martin had for a time laid down his pencil, and was occupied in schemes for the improvement of London. In ten years he was employed almost exclusively in such schemes. His principal efforts were directed to supplying London with pure water—efforts on which he congratulates himself in his notes in the "Athenæum" (previously

* These italics are our own.

† "Edinburgh Review," June, 1829.

XIX.

THE PAPHIAN BOWER.

BY JOHN MARTIN.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY G. H. PHILLIPS.

mentioned), as having been in the main successful, and led to the establishment of a Board of Health. He also conceived the idea of uniting the railways of London with the docks. He designed a lighthouse for the sands, a floating harbour and pier, and improvements in the ventilation of coal-mines.

In 1838 he came again before the public as a painter; the subjects chosen being "The Death of Moses," and "The Death of Jacob;" and, till 1852, two years before his death, he exhibited one or more pictures nearly every year. They were all marked by the same qualities of merit and defect, all prodigious in conception, all unnatural and exaggerated in execution.

His works, as a whole, remind one of those ingenious pasteboard toys where a complete costume has a hole left in it for a face, and the amusement of which consists in seeing how different faces are assimilated by the mere imposition of a common dress. Having seen one or two of Martin's pictures one has only to read through a list of the rest to judge how the subject will appear under his peculiar treatment. Here is a list of some of them :— "The Celestial City and River of Bliss," "Pandemonium," "Stilling the Tempest," "The Judgment of Adam and Eve," "The Last Man," "The Last Judgment," "The Great Day of Wrath," "The Plains of Heaven."

He was still at work on the last three pictures when he had a paralytic stroke. He sought the change of air and scene which the Isle of Man afforded; but here he died, in the house of Thomas Wilson, Esq., at Douglas, on the 9th of February, 1859.

The engravings from his last pictures commenced, we believe, by himself, and completed after his death, show how unequal any other system of engraving than his own was to the task of fitly rendering his peculiar effects.

With all his defects Martin was still an original painter, and of distinct but ill-directed genius. Though almost violent in its disregard of nature,

we know of no painter, except Turner, who could conceive a grander landscape than the one of which we give a photograph. This picture, "The Paphian Bower," was exhibited in 1824, at the same time as "The Seventh Plague" and "The Creation."

His greatest mistake was in choosing subjects where natural truth and real sublimity were requisites for right illustration. He strove to illustrate the Bible and Milton; he should have confined his powers to Mrs. Radcliffe.

CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE.

"Our purity of taste is best known by its universality, for if we can only admire this thing or that, we may be sure that our cause for liking is of a finite and false character."

RUSKIN.

THOUGH Leslie was not a man of high creative genius he belongs to the first rank amongst those artists who have chosen the humours of human nature for their subject. Yet it is not so much human nature seen by himself, as human nature conceived by writers of fiction that forms the subject of his pictures. His imagination was illustrative rather than creative, but it was most excellent and of its kind unrivalled amongst English painters. Indeed we know no rarer talent than this—the power of entering into and embodying the conceptions of others so thoroughly that each spectator feels his own idea of a character realized to a great extent in the picture before him. Wide indeed must have been the sympathy and great the compass of the mind, which could have rendered so satisfactorily as Leslie did such varied characters as Autolycus, Perdita, Sancho Panza, Katherina (the shrew), Uncle Toby, M. Jourdain, and Sir Roger de Coverley, not to mention many more. Magical indeed was the hand which, if it could not create, could yet, as it were, raise from the dead the children of such minds as those of Shakespeare, Cervantes, Molière, Sterne, and

Addison. As a painter (apart from his subject) Leslie had also remarkable power, except in Landscape. He is unrivalled, except by Hogarth, in the precision with which he hits his aim, and the skill with which he produces effects without elaboration. We know absolutely no one who could paint so truly with so little apparent effort. The candlelight in the "Femmes Savantes" and the contents of the pack of Autolychus are represented with a truth utterly unaccountable by the labour bestowed. They seem painted by inspiration.

As a colourist, however, Leslie had but little natural taste or feeling. He is always cold and crude in his tones, never warm or mellow; and though it is said that Newton had a considerable influence upon him for good in this respect, he could never overcome what was evidently a natural defect. But, nevertheless, his colour is always gay and bright, and if it does not gratify the eye it seldom shocks it, and, we may add, that its gaiety is well suited to his subjects, and its want of depth to his thin style of painting.

In his charming "Autobiographical Recollections," Leslie has left us a more vivid picture of the circle in which he moved, and of the great men with whom he associated, than of his own personal individuality; but we become fully aware of the amiable nature and refined sensibility of the writer by discovering the love and regard in which he was held by the numerous friends whose likenesses he draws for us, and all of whom, however dissimilar in other respects, seem to have been unanimous in their warm affection for their artist friend. In his letters also, which Mr. Tom Taylor has given to the world with the "Autobiographical Recollections," we gain a distinct glimpse of the true heart and affectionate character of the man who founds his recollections of his friends not on "the faults and foibles that are more or less common to all men," but on "the merits that are rare, and on which alone their claims to distinction rest."

Charles Robert Leslie was born in London on the 19th of October, 1794.

XX.

MAY DAY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R.A.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY J. H. WATT.

But although he was thus an Englishman by birth, he was an American by parentage, both his father and mother being natives of Cecil County, Maryland. His father, who was a clockmaker by trade, returned from London (where he had resided for some years on account of his business relations) to Philadelphia, when his son, Charles Robert, was still quite young; consequently the painter's early associations were all with America, and not with England.

In the year 1808, when he was only fourteen years of age, Leslie was bound apprentice to Messrs. Bradford and Inskeep, publishers in Philadelphia, for although he had already shown a decided predilection for art, his mother, who had at this time become a widow, had no means of giving him an artist's education. A fortunate chance, however (if those unforeseen events which so often shape our lives into a different form from that which we have thought to model, can be called chances), released young Leslie from his uncongenial occupation, and set him free to follow his own inclinations.

It happened, whilst Leslie was in the office of Messrs. Bradford and Inskeep, that the celebrated actor, Frederick Cooke, arrived in Philadelphia, and that, with the rest of the American world, the publisher's apprentice went half mad with delight at seeing him act. Moreover, the actor's face produced such a powerful impression on his mind that he was enabled to paint an excellent portrait of him from memory. This portrait fell into the hands of Mr. Bradford, Leslie's master, who had always hitherto discouraged his young apprentice's attempts in art, but who was so struck by the extraordinary skill and cleverness shown in this likeness that he determined from henceforth to do all he could to forward the boy's desire to become an artist. Accordingly he showed the portrait of Cooke to several of the rich merchants of Philadelphia; and, with their help, got up a subscription to enable Leslie to study painting for two years in Europe.

At the close of 1811, Leslie, with the funds thus supplied him, came to

London, and was shortly after admitted as a student into the Royal Academy—being very kindly received by his countryman, Benjamin West, who was at that time the President, and who, as he himself tells us, Leslie then thought as great a painter as Raphael. Fortunately, West's influence was not of long duration; for after painting two or three pictures in the grand classic style that was then in fashion, Leslie began to perceive that his true vocation did not lie in what he had been taught to consider "High Art," but in the representation of those pleasant scenes of humorous domestic life drawn chiefly from the English poets and classics with which his name is now so intimately associated.

The first picture in his new style was the "Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church," exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1819.

This picture may be considered the starting point of Leslie's true artistic career. None of his ambitious historic pictures, such as "The Witch of Endor," "Timon," "Hercules," &c., had brought him so much notice as was immediately bestowed on him as the painter of "Sir Roger de Coverley;" and from this time he never, so far as we know, attempted anything in "High Art."

"May-day Revels in the time of Queen Elizabeth" is one of the best known and most admired of Leslie's paintings. It is full of joyous freedom and bright sunshine, and enters completely into the spirit of that time when our country was characterised as "Merrie England." Strange to say, Leslie has not in this picture, as was his usual custom, embodied the conception of any particular author, but has given us his own idea of the pleasant out-of-door games of our ancestors. The principal characters in these May-day Revels were, Robin Hood, Maid Marian, and Friar Tuck, with the fool, the dragon, and the hobby horse—all of whom dance round the May-pole in front of the May Queen, who sits in state under her arbour. "The antiquated beau in the centre, and the old lady on the right hand are intended," as Leslie tells us in his description of the picture in the Royal

Academy Catalogue, "as illustrations of some of the fopperies of that age." Sir Walter Scott called to see Leslie whilst this picture was in progress—a visit, Leslie tells us, that so intoxicated him with delight that he was unable to paint for the rest of the day. Sir Walter, it seems, suggested the introduction of a few archers into the picture—a hint that, as we see, the painter accepted and carried out.

"May-day Revels" was exhibited in 1821; and in the same year Leslie was made an Associate of the Royal Academy.

In 1825 he was raised to the full honours of Academician.

So many of Leslie's principal pictures are now, by the noble generosity of Mr. Sheepshanks and Mr. Vernon, placed in the National Collection, that it is unnecessary to dilate here on their various merits and interest. Every one, by paying a visit to the South Kensington Museum, may spend a charming hour or two with the spirited and humorous (we might almost say "witty,") works of Charles Robert Leslie. It will be the fault of most of us if we come away from such a visit without entering more fully into the spirit of the immortal creations of the humorists whom he illustrated than we had ever done before.

Leslie died, in 1857, on the day before the opening of the Academy Exhibition.

AUGUSTUS LEOPOLD EGG.

"Fame is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise,
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'
Phœbus replied."

MILTON.

NOT six years have passed since most of those who love art heard with sorrow of the early death of Egg. He is the first artist on our list who may in a full sense be called a contemporary, for his whole period of fame is compassed by the lives of most of us; and there are few, comparatively, who have not looked forward to his annual appearance at the Royal Academy, and do not even now miss his manly pictures from its walls. The general acquaintance with his style, and the few published records of his life will be sufficient excuse for the briefness of our notice.

Augustus Leopold Egg was the son of the famous gun-maker of that name, and was born in Piccadilly on the 2nd of May, 1816. He was sent to school at Bexley, in Kent; and he showed such a predilection for art that, in 1834, he was placed in the Academy of Mr. Sass; and the year after (the same year as Mr. Frith,) was admitted as a student in the Royal Academy.

XXI.

LE DIABLE BOITEAUX.

BY AUGUSTUS LEOPOLD EGG, R.A.

In the Vernon Collection, at the South Kensington Museum.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY S. SANGSTER.

So quickly did his power increase that, in 1837, his first picture exhibited attracted the notice of the late Prince Consort, and was purchased by him from the wall of the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street. The next year he exhibited at the Royal Academy, and obtained much praise for his picture of the "Spanish Girl," which found a purchaser in the Art Union. From this time forward (according to the writer of the biographical notice of this painter in the "Athenæum," from whom most of the facts of his life are here quoted,) he exhibited annually to 1860, with the exception of three years only, viz., 1852, 1853, and 1856.

The picture here chosen as an illustration of the artist appeared at the Royal Academy in 1844. The gentleman in the picture is one of the many husbands of "Le Diable Boiteux," whose devotion to the fair sex generally was too great to admit of its concentration upon the individual specimen allowed by law. This gentleman, "Patrice" by name, has been smitten by the charms of two "*aventurières*" whom he caught sight of at a bull fight; but more particularly with those of Luisita, a lady "*qui laissait voir, en descendant d'un échafaud, une belle jambe bien tournée, couverte d'un bas de soie couleur de rose, avec une jarretière d'argent.*" Having accosted them like a gallant man, and asked if he could be of any service to them, Luisita replied with becoming modesty, "that they had had the imprudence to sally forth without partaking of their morning chocolate; and that as he was so gallant as to offer his services, he might escort them if he pleased to some retired place where they might eat a morsel of refreshment." He takes them to a hostelry where, as fortune would have it, there had been a great feast the day before, and they are offered the following enticing bill of fare:—"*Poulets de grain*," "*Perdreaux de Léon*," "*Pigeonnaux de la Castille vieille*," and "*Jambon d'Estramadure.*" The ladies having each of them devoured a *Poulet de grain*, with wine in proportion, while the enamoured Patrice has been able to do nothing but admire the white hands of Luisita, he leaves the

room to order some more wine; and in his absence, "*Jacinthe, la compagne de Luisita, met la griffe sur les deux perdreaux qui restaient sur le plat, et les serre dans une grande poche de toile qu'elle a sous sa robe.*" Subsequently, while their entertainer has departed for a fresh supply of bread, they dispose of two "*Pigeonnaux de Castille vieille*" in a similar manner. The little repast is elegantly finished by the fruits of the season, and then—comes *Monsieur l'Hôte*, with his little bill, "*Fifty reals!*" This is the moment chosen by the painter. The amorous Patrice lifts his eyebrows, and feels in his pocket; the host stands behind with hands laterally extended, as if in deprecation of his charges being excessive under the extraordinary circumstances; the two pretty harpies enjoy the fun together. M. Patrice can find but thirty reals in his pocket, and he is finally obliged to leave "*son rosaire chargé de médailles d'argent*" in pledge for the remainder. Not perhaps a very fine subject this for a picture; but the story, such as it is, is well told. There is no need to remark upon the firm, clear painting and happy colouring of a picture so well known.

Though this picture showed an improvement on his former pictures, he had not then attained the solidity, powerful colour, and finish of detail, with which his later works were marked, and by which they contrast with those of Leslie, who arrived at his effects by a less laboured process, but whose pictures have a spirit and humour which Egg never reached. Egg's humour was always of a somewhat sober character, and in his later works disappeared altogether. In his earlier days he may be said to have followed in the steps of Leslie, choosing similar subjects and treating them in a similar manner. Thus, he painted "Autolycus" singing his enticing song, and "The Wooing of Katherina," from "The Taming of the Shrew," exhibited in 1845 and 1847 respectively.

The beginning of the sad feeling which ruled his latest works may perhaps be traced in his picture of "Queen Elizabeth discovers she is no longer young," which was exhibited in 1848, and was more tragic perhaps

than the subject demanded. In 1849 he was elected an Associate, and exhibited "Henrietta Maria relieved by Cardinal Retz," and "Launce's substitute for Proteus' Dog." In 1850 appeared two capital pictures, "Peter the Great sees Catherine, his future Empress, for the first time," and "Pepys's Introduction to Nell Gwynne."

His health soon after this failed him, and he exhibited nothing either in 1852 or 1853. In 1855, however, he appeared in full strength with three pictures, one of which, we think in particular, showed the influence of the Præraphaelite School. This was the "Life and Death of Buckingham," a picture in two compartments, or rather two pictures in a double frame. Not even his celebrated "triptych," exhibited three years afterwards, was more tragic than this. The contrast of the crowded table of belaced cavaliers and half-laced ladies, with loose wit in their eyes and warm wine on their lips, and the solitary "worst inn's worst room," inhabited only by the dead spoiled figure, was, it is said, so painful that it prevented the sale of the pictures at the time, and has induced their present possessor to divide them. We cannot help noticing the great similarity between the treatment of the sadder subject and that of the famous "Death of Chatterton," by Wallis—a picture which, if we remember rightly, was purchased by Egg.

In the year 1856, when he exhibited his first scene from Esmond, he was employed to arrange the pictures in the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester, and in 1858 appeared his charming picture of Mistress Beatrix knighting Esmond, and the triptych before alluded to, which represented, in three scenes, the misery brought on a household and herself by a faithless wife. Well do we remember the beautiful truth with which the moonlight was painted in the most terrible of the three scenes, shining beyond and half through the dull arch where the outcast woman is lying. This picture was also too painful to sell—or perhaps it was too true. Sad though this painting, and the "Death of Buckingham," be, we still think them, and the "Night before Naseby," the finest pictures Egg painted, and the

noblest efforts of his genius, and we cannot sufficiently regret his early death, and that there is no one in the English School who altogether fills the "*hiatus maxime deflendus*," which his loss has made.

In 1861 he was elected a Royal Academician, but soon after his health failed him utterly. For the last few years he had been compelled to winter abroad, and in the latter end of 1862 he went to Algiers. Here he recovered so far as to be able to resume work, and even to have hopes of his final recovery, but a ride in a cold wind brought on asthma and a prostration, from which his constitution was too weak to rally. It is said that "his long-seated disease of the lungs seems to have been in abeyance at the time," but he died at Algiers on the 25th of March, 1863, and was buried on the top of a high hill.

WILLIAM MULREADY.

"The ancients said of Phidias that 'he combined greatness with accuracy.' We think it might be said of Mulready that the combination in him was accuracy with refinement."

"If we might, for the sake of definition, call refinement with accuracy the artist's (Mulready's) method or principle in art, the results of it were principally marked by grace combined with humour."

PALGRAVE.

IF Mulready was not one of the greatest geniuses in our English School he was at least one of our greatest artists, and if he had not the most perfect mind, he at least produced some of the most perfect pictures; if others have exceeded him in the area of their powers, no one was a greater master within his peculiar limits. What he did he did with his might, thinking no time or labour lost which improved his work. He exemplified more fully, perhaps, than any other English artist, that what is worth doing is worth doing well.

A story is told of some wit, whose name we cannot remember, that being asked by a friend how he (the friend) should best obtain accurate knowledge of some branch of learning of which he was ignorant, he (the wit) replied, "Take a pupil." We are unable to state whether or not the advice was taken, but the advice is sound, even when the tutor is not ignorant of his subject. Teaching, if the teacher be a conscientious and a clever man, educates

the educator as well as the educated. Constant repetition of elements not only ensures accuracy, but in the case of an artist where the elements are forms capable of varied treatment, naturally leads to refinement. The unrivalled thoroughness of Mulready's Art, and the combination of accuracy and refinement so truly pointed out by Mr. Palgrave as its special characteristic, may, therefore, perhaps be considered to be in some measure due to his long employment as an instructor. When a man is incapable of further education by masters, he may yet learn much from having to teach.

William Mulready was born on the 30th April, 1786, at Ennis, County Clare, Ireland. His father was a leather breeches maker, and a "master of his craft," in Ireland. When, however, he came to London, in 1791, he was obliged to descend to the rank of journeyman, and afterwards, apparently, (though whether this was a farther descent we are not sufficiently wise to decide), made boots as well as breeches. Mulready's talents showed themselves at a very early age, and his parents, with unusual wisdom and self-denial, laboured hard so that their son's talents might have leisure and instruction to develope them. A substantially true account of the artist's youth and young genius is contained in a small and rare book written and published for the amusement of children, in 1805, by William Godwin, and entitled, "THE LOOKING-GLASS. A true history of the Early Years of an ARTIST, calculated to awaken the emulation of YOUNG PERSONS of both sexes, in the pursuit of every laudable attainment, particularly in the cultivation of the Fine Arts. By Theophilus Marcliffe, London, 1805." The materials for the book were supplied to Godwin (Theophilus Marcliffe) by Mulready himself, who also illustrated it in imitation of his own young style, and perhaps, in some instances, by his own young drawings.

According to Mr. Stephens, to whose careful labours* we have been much indebted in preparing this short sketch, Mulready's first paintings in oil

* "Memorials of William Mulready," collected by F. G. Stephens. Bell and Daldy, 1867.

were of a literary kind, being nothing more or less than the inscription of the initials of the proprietor on a set of stable buckets. Indeed he seems to have had a "passion for letters" in this sense, and, not content with the mere possession of skill, to have been desirous of imparting it to others at a very early age. It was while he was engaged in lecturing to a group of boys on the "proper treatment of certain letters," that he attracted the notice of his first art-patron, one Mr. Graham, a Scotch artist of considerable powers, then resident in London, who, struck with the beauty of the boy, employed him, with the glad consent of his parents, as a model for the youthful Solomon, in his picture of "David Instructing (or Blessing) Solomon." This picture is said to have been painted for an illustration of Macklin's Bible, but, says Mr. Stephens, "it does not appear that any artist of the name of Graham contributed to the illustrations of Macklin's Bible." The boy was then, probably, in his tenth or eleventh year.

Educated first by a Wesleyan minister, and afterwards by two priests of the Church of Rome—the church of his parents and himself—and reading whatever of English literature came in his way, saving up his money to buy books, and, indeed, forming a small fund for the purpose, by making and selling small, round, coloured geometrical designs, which go by the name of "Turks' caps," and occasionally attracting the notice of a stranger by his drawings of nature, he reached the age of thirteen. Then, by a stroke of good fortune, he was introduced to Banks, the sculptor, who, after a little time, took him into his studio, and in the year 1800 he was admitted as a student of the Royal Academy, and two years afterwards gained the silver palette of the Society of Arts.

From the age of fifteen he is said to have lived entirely by his own exertions. He began his art-career as a landscape painter, but he had little success, and was hard pushed by domestic cares. At eighteen he married the sister of his friend and master, John Varley, the water-colour artist; and, at twenty-four, he had four children. "I remember the time," he said

on one occasion, "when I had a wife, four children, nothing to do, and was six hundred pounds in debt." His marriage was an unhappy one, and he, after a few years, was separated from his wife. Book illustrating, and teaching drawing, seem to have been, for many years, his principal means of livelihood; but he "did everything," he said, and, like Stanfield and Roberts, did not disdain scene-painting, and assisted Sir Robert Kerr Porter in painting one or more of his panoramas.

Like most other artists, Mulready attempted "high art," but without success, none of his very few pictures of this class having been exhibited prior to the collection together of his works, at South Kensington, after his death. He appears, however, to have been a long time before he found out his special walk in art. His first picture, in which the subject was not principally the landscape, was "Old Kaspar," (from "Southey's Battle of Blenheim,") exhibited in 1807. After this, he imitated Wilkie, in his pictures of "The Barber's Shop," and the "Carpenter's Shop," and though gradually progressing along the right path, it was not till his "Punch" was exhibited, in 1813, that he began to show his special powers. If it were not for the honest and conscientious method of painting and careful drawing shown in these first pictures of his, we should almost wonder at his being elected an Associate in 1815, and an Academician in 1816, at an interval of less than a year.

It must, however, be noted, that his exquisite little pictures of the Kensington Gravel Pits were executed before this time, in 1811 and 1812. They, however, were considered failures. Sir A. W. Callcott, his kind friend, had obtained a commission for them, but he was so disappointed with them, that he honestly declared he could not recommend them, and so they remained with the artist. They are now at South Kensington, little gems of beauty, far exceeding, as works of art, anything by Sir Augustus.

Even after his election as Academician, Mulready appears to have had but little spare time to spend upon pictures, for he did not exhibit for the

XXII.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

BY WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A.

In the possession of Her Majesty the Queen.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY J. H. ROBINSON, A.E.R.A.

next two years. In 1816 appeared "The Fight Interrupted," and in 1819, "The Wolf and the Lamb," of which latter picture we give a photograph from the fine line engraving by Mr. J. Robinson. We may here mention, in Mulready's honour, that he surrendered the right to engrave and sell prints of this picture to the Artists' Fund, an act of charity which realized the sum of £1000 to the fund. The picture is in the possession of Her Majesty.

This picture, though not in his later and more formed style, is a fine and characteristic specimen of the artist, showing, as indeed all his pictures do, the great care bestowed upon every item. How well the tale is told! Never was a bully better drawn. The boy is a tyrannical young brute from top to toe; to say nothing of his face—a face that is absolutely typical of its kind—his attitude, the set of his jacket, the curl of his hair, his very boots and cap, are admirably true to his character; nor is the shrinking weakling one whit inferior in his way; while the "wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie" of a dog, full of pity for his master, yet unable, from sympathetic weakness of body and character, to offer assistance, makes the group perfect. The beautiful little background, and the ugliness of the bonnet of the little girl, are equally characteristic of the master, who appears to have been as fond of unprepossessing backviews of figures as of beautiful backgrounds of landscape. But there, no one could express so much by an unprepossessing backview of a figure as Mulready could.

The care with which Mulready worked is almost sufficient to account for the comparatively small number of pictures which he produced in his long career, and the lateness of his arrival at the zenith of his power. He prepared every portion of his pictures with the utmost care, making elaborate studies for the merest details, so that the mere drawings for his finished compositions contain more work of a painstaking and laborious kind than most artists would lavish on the painting of several pictures. Not only did he make separate drawings of the details, but he made finished designs for the whole composition, and these of such completeness that they

contain little less work than the picture itself. Even for such a comparatively insignificant picture as the portrait of Mr. Sheepshanks and his servant in his library, there are two elaborate drawings in water-colours, now hung on the walls of South Kensington Museum. So slowly built, his work was safe and sure; and when the exquisite little picture of "The Sonnet" was exhibited in 1839, it was proved that his labour was by no means thrown away. Small as the picture is, and slight in subject, there is a perfection about it which we might almost safely say no other picture of our English school, by another hand, possesses. The harmony of the colour, the sentiment, the drawing, and the grouping, can scarcely be exceeded. It is but a little picture, not *great* in any way, but it is a *masterpiece.*

Even better still, in some ways, is the picture of "First Love," similar in sentiment and tone. The glorious glow of evening sunlight on the wall and the lovers, is a sight which dwells in the memory. For breadth it is, we think, the finest picture he ever painted, and in this respect it is better than the wonderful "Wedding Gown," his most exquisite piece of mere painting.

Seeing what wonderful perfection Mulready attained within his own limits it seems ungrateful to call attention to the narrow bounds by which his genius is restricted, but this is necessary if we would wish to consider his place in his own walk of English Art. He, like Stothard, was feeble in conception of character, and this is shown in his otherwise almost perfect illustrations to the "Vicar of Wakefield," a book perhaps better suited to the spirit of his art than any other, from its simplicity and the by no means strong individuality of its *dramatis personæ.* But Mulready's illustrations have not even as much distinctness of character as the charming creatures of Goldsmith's imagination. He succeeded better in this way in subjects of his own invention, and his boys and dogs are especially full of character. It must be allowed also that his mind was not fertile, and that he is not without mannerisms, two out of many we could point out being the peculiar flaky

form of foliage in his later pictures, and his curious type of female beauty.

But if in some respects his genius was more limited than that of Leslie and Wilkie, he excelled them both in drawing and colour, and in a more precious and rare quality still, viz. sentiment. As he could not have painted "Autolycus" or "Kate" as Leslie painted them, or "The Rent Day" as Wilkie did, neither of those artists could throw such an ineffable charm of poetry over humble life as Mulready in "The Sonnet" and "First Love."

He died at Bayswater on the 7th July, 1863.

DAVID ROBERTS.

"Landscape painting, as practised by Roberts, was essentially scenic."—REDGRAVE.

"Yet the careful pictures of ancient temple and castle, of cathedral and palace, which we owe to the last [Roberts], are almost without precedent— certainly without rival—in all former centuries."—F. T. PALGRAVE.

IN a very curious old house—if we may judge by Mr. Cooke's drawing of it*—there lived, toward the close of the last century, a poor shoemaker, the father of the artist whose name heads this paper. His son, who grew to be a famous architectural painter, and died an R.A., was the eldest of four. Such education as his parents were able to give he received; but, he informs us in the autobiographical record which forms the major portion of Mr. Ballantine's "Life," that the old dame who first undertook it confined her cares to keeping him "out of the way of being run over by carts, or drowned in the water of Leith."

In Edinburgh, where he was next sent, he was treated so cruelly by the severe Dominies of those days, that he petitioned to be apprenticed to a trade. Already he had displayed a singular talent for sketching, although he had seen little in the way of pictures beyond the rude illustrations to half-penny lives of "Cock Robin" and "Little Red Riding Hood." His great

* In Ballantine's "Life of David Roberts, R.A." 1867.

delight, however, was to depict broadly on the walls of the shop, with red chalk and charcoal, or, to speak technically, *caulk and keel*, such wild beasts as he had seen in the travelling menageries that sometimes visited the neighbourhood and took up their station on the "Earthen Mound," the site of the Royal Scottish Academy's Exhibition.

It was in consequence probably of the merit of these productions that it was decided that he should not learn "to mak and mend shoon," as his parents proposed, but turn his attention to art. To this end he was apprenticed to an Edinburgh house-painter named Beugo, where his principal occupation was "to grind colours all day long till eight at night." Nevertheless the evenings found him drawing hard at a chest by his father's lamp, and making such progress as to astonish the casual visitors to the shop, who were fairly at a loss to understand "hoo the callant had learnt it." He read, too,—"Gil Blas," "Don Quixote," and the "Border Ballads;" and discovered from a fortune-telling work which fell into his hands, that, owing to the presence of a mole upon his leg, he "was destined to be a great traveller," a prediction which his biographer does not fail to notice as having been verified by his future migrations.

His life was hard, his master tyrannical, and, but for a love of drawing, shared by some of his fellow apprentices, his position would have been intolerable. With these colleagues he instituted a Life Academy in the dark room of an old-fashioned house in Mary King's Close, which was occupied by the mother of one of the members. Their first and most illustrious model was a donkey, who did not decrease a certain ghostly reputation which hung about the house in question by the vigorous brayings in which he announced his confinement. "Even in the darkest and wildest winter," says Mr. Roberts, "we enthusiastic students made our way to our self-instituted Life Academy, where, in addition to the donkey, we alternately stood as models, and derived much benefit therefrom, instructing and encouraging each other."

The seven years' apprenticeship, however, came at last to an end. In 1816, we find him at Edinburgh engaged in his business of house decorating. "My knowledge of art," he says, "was chiefly derived from the scenery of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, as seen from the shilling gallery. I knew little of the ancient and still less of the modern masters. The scenery of "Aladdin" and the "Forty Thieves" had irresistible charms for me. Bagdad, with its countless minarets, was quite familiar to me; and scarcely a night passed on my return from the theatre without my having made sketches of what I had seen."

To create something of the same kind,—to be himself a scene-painter was, therefore, not unnaturally, his highest ambition; and the opportunity speedily presented itself. He was engaged by a Mr. Bannister, the proprietor of a circus, to paint "all scenery, &c. required," at the rate of one pound five shillings per week. With the circus he left Edinburgh, travelling successively to Carlisle, Newcastle, Hull, and York, studying vigorously as he went the various scenes of the local theatres and making his way by literally copying what he saw. "At this time I was utterly ignorant of perspective," he says, "and did not know what was meant by the point of vision."

By the drop scene of the York theatre, which was painted by one Wallace, he was particularly impressed. He made numerous studies of York and Beverley Minsters, drawing in detail "canopies, crocketings, mouldings, and tracery."

In 1817, in consequence of the failure of Mr. Bannister, he is again at Edinburgh at his old employment of house decoration, to which he returned "fretting and worrying" at not having an opportunity of pursuing his career as a scene-painter; and diligently sketching the objects of interest in the neighbourhood during all his moments of leisure.

Finally, he was engaged as scene-painter to the Edinburgh Pantheon. A scene executed with great rapidity procured him employment in the

Theatre Royal at Glasgow. Here again he studied the stock, which consisted of a series of scenes painted by the Nasmyth family; and upon these his style, he says, was formed. From Glasgow he went back to Edinburgh, as scene-painter to the Theatre Royal there. At Edinburgh he made the acquaintance of Clarkson Stanfield, thenceforward his devoted friend. Stanfield was employed in a rival theatre; and Roberts generously records the delight and astonishment which his friend's work produced in the public. In accordance with Stanfield's suggestion he painted a picture in oil of "New Abbey, Dumfriesshire," which he sent to the Edinburgh Exhibition in 1821. It was rejected; but in the following year three small contributions were hung, and two of them were sold. "My hopes from this time began to brighten," he says; "and many a night, after my hard day's work at the theatre, did I light my lamp and paint till midnight."

His connection with the Edinburgh Theatre procured him an introduction to Mr. Elliston of Drury Lane, and, in 1822, he came to London. Stanfield was again his colleague; and their friendly emulation continued. From Drury Lane he went to Covent Garden. Here he painted the whole of the scenery for the "Seraglio,"—a forgotten opera, and executed it entirely without assistance. "The scenery," said the "New Monthly Magazine," "is, without exception, the most beautiful we have ever seen exhibited in a theatre—comprising a succession of the richest classic pictures which could be imagined as belonging to a Greek island adorned with the noblest remains of ancient art, and shown in the most delicious lights that ever were by sea or land. It is entirely painted by Roberts, whom Drury Lane has lost, and who on this occasion has certainly left even Stanfield behind him."

During all this time the reputation of his pictures was rapidly increasing. He exhibited frequently; and was now well *lancé* as an architectural painter. In a few more years he had relinquished scene-painting altogether.

And here we pause. After the final establishment of the artist in London, the interest which attaches to his earlier years somewhat diminishes.

Not that the "Life," of which we have only employed the first and second chapters, is either dull or tedious. But henceforth it is occupied chiefly by minute records of the numerous pictures which, from this time to the end of his life, he continued to paint and to exhibit; and by the copious journals which he kept of his various tours upon the Continent and elsewhere. Of Roberts himself we learn little more than we already know; for, in his case, the child was emphatically "the father of the man;" and the talent, energy, industry, and self-reliance which, as we have seen, had characterised his earlier years, were nowhere absent in his latter days. The briefest summary of the remainder of his life will therefore suffice in this place.

He speedily found patrons and purchasers for his pictures; and foremost of these was Lord Northwick. For him Mr. Roberts painted the composition we reproduce,—"The Israelites leaving Egypt." It was afterwards purchased by Sir Robert Peel, and has been copied in mezzo-tint by Quilley, from whose engraving our photograph is taken. Mr. Roberts quotes in the "Diary" the following words of the "Morning Journal," upon its exhibition in the Suffolk Street Gallery. They are, however, more eulogistic than critical. "The Egyptian Architecture is splendid in the extreme. The tens of thousands of the chosen people depart from the house of bondage arrayed in the borrowed jewels of their masters, who gaze on them with fear and anxiety from the hanging gardens of their rich palaces. It is impossible to look upon this work without the deepest interest. In conception and execution it is without a rival in this department of art. The perspective, the distant effect of scene, and the eternal pyramid wrapt in the mist of the morning, are painted with the utmost delicacy and care."

A complete list, which concludes Mr. Ballantine's book, gives full particulars of the various other pictures which he painted during his lifetime. Spain, Morocco, Belgium, the Netherlands, Germany, Austria, Italy, and the

XXIII.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE ISRAELITES.

BY DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY J. P. QUILLEY.

Holy Land, seem to have been alternately visited for subjects for his pencil. From Spain, in 1835, he sent the "Cathedral of Burgos," now at South Kensington, which established his reputation. Of his larger pictures, may be noticed the "Ruins of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec," exhibited in 1846 at the British Institution, and afterwards at the International Exhibition of 1862; "Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives," painted for Lord Monson, in 1849; the "Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus," since reproduced in chromo-lithography by Louis Haghe; the "Inauguration of the Great Exhibition of 1851," painted for Her Majesty; and the "Interior of St. Peter's at Rome on Christmas Day," in which a masterly effect is obtained by the introduction of the black and yellow uniforms of the papal guard, "said to have been designed by Michael Angelo." But the list of pictures alone occupies several quarto pages, and many of those subsequently painted will be in the recollection of our readers. We may note that before his death his works had greatly increased in value.*

As a book-illustrator Mr. Roberts was widely known. Among his earliest performances in this way was a set of sketches for Lord Lytton's "Pilgrims of the Rhine." From 1835 to 1838 he contributed a number of drawings to the "Landscape Annual" which carried his fame out of this country. Afterwards followed a collection of "Spanish Sketches," which was very well received. But his *magnum opus* was the well-known "Sketches in the Holy Land, Syria, Idumæa, Arabia, Egypt, and Nubia," commenced in 1842, and completed in 1849. The drawings, "chiefly in pencil, at times slightly washed with water-colour," were made on the spot, during a ten months' tour. They were afterwards finished up, and placed on the stone by Louis Haghe, whilst descriptive letter-press was furnished by the author of "Salathiel," Dr. Croly. For the copyright Mr. Roberts received £3000; and the work has since been issued in a reduced form. The sketches made

* "The Great Square at Tetuan," (£21), sold afterwards for £430 10*s.*; the "Seminaries and Cathedral, St. Iago" (£21), for £262 10*s.*—*Athenæum.*

for it formed a source from whence the artist drew numberless subjects for future compositions. He also executed, for a work called "Scotland Delineated," a series of drawings, which obtained but moderate success.

Among his latest projects was the illustration of "London from the Thames." The idea was suggested to him by Turner, "who said he had thought of it too late in life to carry it out himself." The scheme was approved by the late Sir Charles Barry shortly before his death; and, in pursuance of a promise made to him to set about the work as early as possible, Roberts began making the preliminary studies. Death found him at the work. "On the very morning of his death," [25th November, 1864,] says a writer in the "Athenæum,"* "the artist had been painting on one of the London scenes. This represents St. Paul's and Ludgate Hill, taken before the railway viaduct marred the site, and from a spot which is a few yards to the westward of Bride Court. The dome of the Cathedral and the spires of the churches compose finely. The picture is remarkably broad in disposition of light and shade; the whole street is filled with shadow, the taller edifices are in full light. Much remains to be done to this work. When Roberts left his studio to go for the walk which was to be his last, this picture stood upside down on the easel, as he had placed it, as artists do, in order to study its effect." He then went out, "playing with his little grandchild on the steps as he started for his daily walk." In Berners Street he fell down in a fit, and died the same evening.

Mr. Roberts' place in painting is among, but above, our Prouts, and Haghes, and Nashes. As a broad and effective delineator of architectural subjects his rank is very high. He is at home with "canopies, crocketings, mouldings, and tracery;"—at home amid the

> "Pillars and frieze, and high fantastic roof
> Of those dark places, in times far aloof
> Cathedrals call'd."

* No. 1936, December 3, 1864.

He possessed the art of neglecting detail for general effect, and yet of suggesting it sufficiently for the truth of the representation. His choice of subjects was almost invariably good and telling. As might be expected in such a man, the effect of his early training in scene-painting was not invisible even in his latest works; but it is likely that this effect would be exaggerated by modern criticism, striving, as it frequently does, to force the affinity between the man and the work. His facility, certainly to be referred to the early necessities of the theatre for rapid execution, was marvellous. Two of his pictures are mentioned as having been painted in the space of two hours a-piece.

As a man he was greatly respected, and "rich in friends." "In all the relationships of son, husband, brother, father, and grandfather," says Mr. Ballantine, "he was ever most affectionate. His parents he provided for most liberally, and his greatest pleasure was to witness their happiness, and receive their renewed blessings." Never oblivious of his origin and early difficulties, he remembered them most when he came in contact with struggling or broken members of his own profession.

Between "Nil nisi bonum," and the "On doit des égards aux vivants" of Voltaire, the biographer who desires above all "to nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," is sometimes very critically placed. But his task is easy, and his burden light, when he has to tell the story of a man so inoffensive, blameless, and worthy of regard as "Painter Davie."

SIR CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE.

"Painting went on in power till, in Raphael, it attained the zenith, and in him too it showed signs of a tendency downwards by another path. * * * * * Now in this age we have a sort of reviviscence,—not, I fear, of the power, but of a taste for the power, of the early times."—COLERIDGE'S TABLE TALK.

WITHOUT descending to imitation, Eastlake, of all our English artists, strove most exclusively to catch the style of the ancient masters of the Italian schools. We do not know whether or not he ever attempted to paint an English scene, or to paint a picture in the spirit of English modernism, if we except his portrait of Napoleon, but we have not seen or read of such a picture. His sympathies in art were, as far as they affected his own pictorial efforts, entirely with Italy. Clear air, pure and transparent colour, tenderness of sentiment, elegance of form, had such attractions for his refined and cultivated mind, that it seems to have recoiled from attempting to produce a picture that could contain anything else. This excessive sensitiveness was incompatible with great efforts, and brought in its train the timidity, which prevents vigour, and leads to satisfaction with feeble prettiness. He had not the power, but a taste for the power, of the early purists.

But if he was not vigorous himself he could at least appreciate vigour

in others, for it was the sight of Haydon's ultra-vigorous picture of "Dentatus," that fixed his resolution to become an artist, and it is a wonderful instance of constitutional delicacy of taste that Eastlake should have received his first impulse to, and instruction in, art, from so violent a genius as Haydon, without showing any tendency to imitate his master's force. It was evidently so, however, from the beginning, for Haydon writes of Eastlake's first picture, that it was "tame beyond hope." But that such speculations are useless, it would be interesting to conjecture what would have been the final effect of the master's style on the pupil, and the pupil's on the master, if they had been permitted to work long enough together to have had reciprocal influence. They might have learnt much from each other.

It was at Plymouth that they met, and it was at Plymouth where Eastlake was born, on the 17th November, 1793. His father was a solicitor and judge advocate of the Admiralty Court, and appears, from Haydon's account, to have been a remarkable man. His account is as follows. "He was a man of distinguished talent, fine taste, powerful conversation, and poetical mind, but indolent to a vice. When all my family were persecuting me, he stood by me, encouraged me, recommended Foster's 'Essay on Decision of Character,' and did my mind great good. To his aspirations and noble feeling I have ever felt deeply indebted, though, with himself, it generally ended, as with Coleridge, in talk. When I met Coleridge first, his eloquence and lazy luxury of poetical outpouring greatly reminded me of my old, attached, and noble-minded friend, George Eastlake."

Young Eastlake came to London, and studied under Fuseli, at the Royal Academy, and painted "The Raising of Jairus' Daughter," but whether or not this picture was "tame beyond hope," we cannot say. It was purchased by Mr. Jeremiah Harman, who employed him to make copies of pictures in the Louvre. For this purpose he then went to Paris, but the return of Napoleon from Elba compelled his retreat from that capital. Wilkie, the

friend of Haydon, was the friend of Eastlake also, as was also Turner, with whom he rambled about Plymouth. It was in the neighbourhood of this town that Turner found the lovely view which he has painted in his well-known "Crossing the Brook."

In 1815 Eastlake was fortunate enough to catch sight of Napoleon the Great, as he stood in the gangway of the "Bellerophon," in Plymouth Sound, and he made a sketch of the wonderful man, who, perceiving his employment, kindly gave him the opportunity of taking an excellent likeness. From this he painted a full-length portrait, which had some success. We do not know what was the picture which is alluded to by Etty in a letter from Venice, in 1823, where the artist is thus mentioned. "Eastlake has been seven or eight years abroad.* I do not know whether he would not better have been at home; incline to think he would, the greatest part of the time. And others think so too. He painted a very clever historic picture before he left England. He now has got a little out of that path, paints landscape, figures of costume, banditti, etc., and is much employed that way, as he paints them very well, with a good feeling for colour, etc." Eastlake seems, indeed, to have been "much employed that way," for though he was eager to join Etty at Venice, he had commissions on hand that would tie him to Rome, he reports, for "much longer" than a year: works "he cannot do so well elsewhere."

Eastlake did not stop at Rome during the whole period of his absence from England; but, in 1819, went with Sir Charles Barry to Greece, and thence, in 1820, to Sicily; but his pictures are marked "Rome" up till 1829. His reputation, however, was not confined to Italy, for he commenced to exhibit in 1823, and in 1827, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

In the year of his return to England he exhibited "An Italian Scene in the Anno Santo," and "Pilgrims arriving in Sight of Rome and St. Peter's:"

* Eastlake did not go to Italy till 1817; so that this is a slight exaggeration.

XXIV.

PILGRIMS IN SIGHT OF ROME.

BY SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE, P.R.A.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY GEORGE T. DOO, R.A.

from which, or from the replica of it which he exhibited in 1835, the engraving was taken which has been photographed for this work; and the year after (1830) he was elected a Royal Academician.

In 1839 he attempted a more ambitious picture than usual, viz. his "Christ Blessing Little Children;" which is tolerably well known by the original and clever engraving by Mr. Watt. This picture produced a considerable impression, but not so great as that produced a year after (1840) by the once famous "Christ Weeping over Jerusalem;" a work which, if it cannot be called "great," is one of pure and almost exquisite taste. The head of Christ is remarkable for the tenderness of its sorrow. It may be called "weak" and "sentimental," but its weakness is not ignoble, or its sentiment false.

From 1842 to 1844, Eastlake was Librarian of the Royal Academy; from 1843 to 1847, the Keeper of the National Gallery; in 1850, he was knighted on taking his seat as President of the Royal Academy; and in 1855, he was appointed Director of the National Gallery. He was also an ex-officio trustee of the British Museum.

In the latter part of his life he, to a great extent, gave up painting, to devote himself to the literary and other labours in the service of the Fine Arts. His "History of Oil-painting" is too well known to need mention; and the same may be said of his labours as Secretary to the Royal Commission appointed by the Queen to inquire and report "whether advantage may not be taken of the rebuilding of our palace at Westminster, wherein our Parliament is wont to assemble, for the purpose of promoting and encouraging the fine arts in our United Kingdom," etc. Of this commission, the late Prince Consort was the head; and, till his death, he and Sir Charles Eastlake were united in their long and noble efforts for the promotion of art throughout the country, and in losing them the country lost two of its best friends.

Well-read, of refined mind, an accomplished gentleman, Sir Charles held

a position in the world of art, and the world of society, which eminently fitted him for the Presidential Chair; and if he was not the finest painter in the Academy, he was at least unequalled in his knowledge of art, and his zeal for its welfare.

For the always careful, and on the whole wise, expenditure of the public money in the purchase of works of art for our National Gallery, Sir Charles has an additional claim on our gratitude, and we only hope that his successor may have equal fortune and taste in discharging his difficult duties.

In 1849, Sir Charles (then Mr.) Eastlake married Miss Rigby, author of "Letters from the Baltic," and since well known by her "Livonian Tales," her contributions to the "Quarterly Review," and other works. He died on the 23rd December, 1865.

CLARKSON STANFIELD.

"From copper-coloured sunsets on green waves sixty feet high, with cauliflower breakers and nine-pin rocks; from drowning on planks, and starving on rafts, and lying naked on beaches, it is really refreshing to turn to a surge of Stanfield's true salt, serviceable, unsentimental sea."—*Modern Painters*, vol. i. p. 119.

TO the best of our belief, no biography of Clarkson Stanfield has yet been written. Under the familiar name of "Stanny," he appears frequently in the pages of Mr. Ballantine's life of his friend and colleague, David Roberts; but the leading facts of his life are to be found only in the brief obituary notices of the press. The most important of these, from which we have mainly derived the following data, is contained in the "Athenæum," May 25, 1867.

Clarkson Stanfield was born at Sunderland in 1793. His father, James Field Stanfield, was a minor poet, and author of an "Essay on Biography." He was also a great friend of Thomas Clarkson, the emancipationist, after whom he named his son. The boy became a sailor, and made many voyages, especially in the China Sea, with which he was well acquainted. According to the "Life of Douglas Jerrold, we find him, in 1813, a fore-mast man on the "Namur" guardship, then lying at the Nore, and on which young Jerrold was a midshipman. He was already an adept at sketching marine subjects, and it is recorded that many theatrical entertainments were got up on board the guard-ship for the amusement of her officers, in which Stanfield

"he is the only one among them who can draw a cloud." He contrasts "his faithful, scientific, and dexterous rock-drawing," with the efforts of inferior artists. Finally he says, "His sea" (his "salt, serviceable, unsentimental sea") is thoroughly good. One work of Stanfield's presents us with as much concentrated knowledge of sea and sky, as, diluted, would have lasted any one of the old masters his life." Add to these his peculiar qualifications, his perfect knowledge of shipping, spars, and tackle; his professional appreciation of everything about a ship from her sit upon the water to the smallest flutter of her pendant—of all the innumerable precise minutiæ which go to make up the true sailor's knowledge of his floating home; and it may, we think, be fairly conceded that the pretensions of Clarkson Stanfield to an eminence of the first order in his own line, were neither small nor inconsiderable.

"The Battle of Trafalgar," which has been happily chosen for our illustration, is held by many to be the best, as it is perhaps the most ambitious, work of the painter. It was executed in 1836 for the United Service Club, where it now hangs—to the public's loss. The original sketch in oils is, however, to be seen at South Kensington, where there are several good examples of the master. Our photograph is taken from an engraving of the finished picture, which varies somewhat from the sketch. In the former the ships are differently disposed, and the canvas altogether is more filled up with vessels and accessories. In essentials, however, the sketch and the completed work very nearly correspond. An extract or two will here most properly explain the moment of action chosen by the artist.

It will be remembered that Nelson, despite the remonstrances of his friends, led the windward column in the "Victory;" Collingwood in his flagship, the "Royal Sovereign," leading the leeward division. The combined fleets, (French and Spanish,) drawn up in two lines, were in front of them. The famous signal of "England expects every Man to do his

XXV.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

BY CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A.

In the possession of the United Service Club.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY WILLIAM MILLER.

Duty," had been made to the fleet, and the signal for close action had been substituted for it.

"The 'Victory' pressed on; but, though leading her column, she was not to have the honour of firing the first shot. The leeward line was nearer to the enemy, and the 'Royal Sovereign' (100), Collingwood's flagship, was by far the fastest ship in her division. She steered straight for the largest ship in front of her, the Spanish 'Santa Anna' (112), and Admiral Alava awaited her attack with calmness, not firing a single shot at her till her bows came under his stern. He had soon reason to repent his forbearance. As the British ship passed slowly by, she poured into the gallant but unskilful Spaniard her whole larboard broadside, every gun of which was double-shotted, and that one fire almost disabled her antagonist. . . ."

". . . At this moment Nelson had enough to engage his thoughts in the situation of his own ship; for the antagonists upon whom he was bearing down did not imitate the forbearance of the 'Santa Anna,' but from the first moment that it was ascertained that the 'Victory' was within shot, every ship that could get a gun to bear on her opened on her a well-aimed and unremitting fire. Soon her rigging was cut to pieces, and many of her crew were struck down; but she never fired a gun: and the Admiral and all his officers were diligently scanning the enemy's line for the flagship of the French Commander-in-Chief, which Nelson desired to single out for his own antagonist. M. Villeneuve, however, had hoisted no colours, and Nelson was left to conjecture. Right in front of him was his old opponent, the huge 'Santissima Trinidad' (130), and from some indications, which escaped all but his own intuitive sagacity, he conceived the French Admiral to be just astern of her, as in fact he was; and his ship, the 'Bucentaure' (80), was one of those which was unceasingly firing upon the 'Victory.'"*

After losing fifty men, the "Victory" reached the hostile line; it then became impossible to break it without running on board one of the enemy's

* Yonge's "History of the British Navy," pp. 100, *et seq.*

ships. Nelson accordingly steered under the stern of the "Bucentaure," firing every gun of his larboard broadside into the French vessel as he passed. ". . . That single assault reduced the 'Bucentaure' to a state little short of defenceless helplessness. Twenty of her guns were dismounted by it; four hundred of her crew were struck down." The "Victory" then ran on board the "Redoubtable," still playing her larboard battery on the "Bucentaure" and the "Santissima Trinidad." An hour afterwards, the fatal ball which killed the Admiral was fired from the mizentop of the "Redoubtable." The "Téméraire," an English 98, then came up on the other side of the last-named ship, which finally hauled down her colours a quarter of an hour after Nelson's death.

Mr. Stanfield has placed his moment an hour and a half later, and towards the close of the engagement. In the centre of the picture are the "Téméraire," the "Redoubtable," and the "Victory." The "Téméraire" is lashed alongside the "Redoubtable," from which the "Victory," with the Admiral's flag still flying at the fore, slowly disengages herself. At the same moment the "Téméraire" plays her starboard guns on the "Eougueux" (74), afterwards her prize. To the right of the spectator is Villeneuve's flag-ship the "Bucentaure"; further still to the right the "Santissima Trinidad"—both of which have been rendered unmanageable wrecks by the larboard broadsides of the "Victory." To the left is Collingwood with his prize the "Santa Anna"—which, notwithstanding the devastating effects of the first broadside of the "Royal Sovereign," did not yield until all her masts had gone, "and her starboard side was nearly beaten in." Behind are the remaining ships of the lee division.

With the help of these slight indications, the tale of Trafalgar will be found to be admirably seized in the picture. The composition is excellent, the conception a noble one. It is seldom that history can command a pictorial chronicler so qualified for his work by his tastes, talents, and enthusiasm, as the one who has here painted the famous

battle which at once closed the maritime war, and the career of our greatest Admiral. If it could be possible that "our rough island story" should always be told thus—then we have no wish but that poor Haydon's dream of a day when historical painting shall "be encouraged" may come true as soon as it can, and endure as long as it may.

JOHN BURNET.

"It accidentally happens even to us, who are but abortive Births of Men, sometimes to dart out our Souls, when roused by the Discourses or Examples of others, much beyond their ordinary Stretch."—MONTAIGNE, *Cotton's Translation.*

JOHN BURNET was not an abortive birth of man; he was a very good engraver and a very fair critic, but his original efforts, especially the picture from the engraving of which our photograph is taken, may certainly be classed amongst those which owe their being to the example of others rather than innate impulse of invention. Indeed his work was so essentially that of an engraver and critic that it is scarcely fair to judge his original designs by comparison with those of men whose distinct avocation was to invent and illustrate. Therefore, with a few words respecting the subject of our photograph, we shall confine this article to a brief summary of the artist's life.

This picture of "The Greenwich Pensioners Reading the Gazette of the Battle of Trafalgar" was painted for the Duke of Wellington, as a companion to Wilkie's "Chelsea Pensioners." Viewed as a companion to a picture by another artist it has undoubtedly much merit, for to paint such a companion was a very difficult task, and one that needed great tact to perform so successfully. Without adopting a distinctly different manner, Burnet took from Wilkie's picture little, if anything, but the idea of the subject. There

XXVI.

GREENWICH PENSIONERS ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

BY JOHN BURNET.

In the possession of the Duke of Wellington.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY JOHN BURNET.

is not, however, much invention in the picture, many of the heads and attitudes serving twice over with slight alterations. For instance, the two pensioners, the principal figures, are alike in face and general position; the seated sailor, hallooing, with the pint pot, is the brother of the standing sailor, hallooing, with the hat in his hand, and other family likenesses are observable. The groups are, however, well massed and well lighted; though unity of feeling is, we think, sacrificed too much to variety of position, so that hardly anybody seems to be attending to the pensioners, or indeed to anybody else. But if the picture is not a work of genius, it is one which could only have been executed by a clever artist, with a thorough knowledge of the technicalities of his craft.

John Burnet was born on the 20th March, 1784, at Fisher-row, near Edinburgh. His father, George Burnet, was a native of Borrowstoness, and was descended from a brother of the celebrated Bishop Burnet, Dr. Thomas Burnet, who himself was the friend of Newton and author of the "Sacred Theory of the Earth." George Burnet had, according to the obituary notice of John Burnet, in the Athenæum, formerly lived with the Earl of Dundonald, at Culross, and married Anne Cruikshanks, the sister of the anatomist. Two of their children, John and James Burnet, were destined to make the name famous. John, with whom we alone have to do, was educated by Dr. Leeshman, the schoolmaster of Sir Walter Scott, and showed such an early tendency towards art, that he was apprenticed to Mr. Robert Scott, a landscape engineer of Edinburgh, and the father of two artists of note now alive. With Scott he served his full time, seven years, and it is reported that he had to work from seven in the morning until eight at night. He yet, however, found time to attend the Trustees' Academy at Edinburgh, where Wilkie and Allan were studying under Mr. John Graham, who has been identified by Mr. F. G. Stephens as the master of Mulready, during the short period which Graham spent in London.

His apprenticeship over, he soon began to engrave on his own account,

and the fame of Wilkie's "Village Politicians" having reached Edinburgh, he set out one fine morning to visit his friend and seek also for fame in the great metropolis. The voyage was performed in a Leith and Berwick smack, and arriving in London with nothing in the world but a few shillings and a copy of one of his engravings for Cooke's "Novelist," he made his way to 10, Sol's Row, Hampstead Road, where his friend Wilkie was then residing. Wilkie, who has himself described the visit, was then busily engaged on the "Blind Fiddler."

For some time Burnet was principally employed in engraving for Cooke's "Novelist," and other books; but he kept his eye open for the chance of better-class work; and when Wilkie finished his "Jews' Harp" he asked to be allowed to engrave it. The permission accorded by his fellow-countryman, the plate was finished and achieved considerable success—and we can imagine that it was with no little pleasure and pride that Mr. John Graham showed his class an impression of the fine plate by one of his pupils, after the fine picture by another. This print, which was originally published at a guinea, has since greatly increased in value. Several proofs have sold for twelve guineas, and one (it is said) for twenty. It was useful also in making his name known; and, amongst other introductions, procured him one to Sharp, the historical engraver, which was of much subsequent benefit to him. The "Jews' Harp" was the first only out of several pictures by Wilkie which were engraved by Burnet. Next followed "The Blind Fiddler," which also met with much success—though Wilkie was so cautious or timid that he sold his share in it.

His other plates from Wilkie were, "Reading the Will," "Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo," "The Rabbit on the Wall," "The Letter of Introduction," "The Death of Tippoo Sahib," and "The Village School." Burnet was one of the body of engravers who (with Mr. Sheepshanks' aid) brought out a series of engravings from the Pictures in the National Gallery. The venture was, however, unsuccessful. The

plates engraved by Burnet were all from Rembrandt, the "Jew," the "Nativity," and the "Crucifixion." He also executed several plates for Forster's British Gallery, and engraved a few of his own few pictures, viz. "Feeding the Young Bird," "The Draught-players" (exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1808), and "The Mouse," besides the "Greenwich Pensioner."

When not busy with the graver or brush, Burnet took up the pen, and wrote many works of practical value to students, some of which have met with large sale. His "Practical Treatise on Painting," divided into three books, and three volumes,—comprising "Hints on Colour," "Hints on Composition," and "Hints on Light and Shade," has passed through many editions. This, as far as we know, was his earliest work, and was published in 1827. A further volume containing "Hints on Portrait-painting," was published in 1860. In 1844 appeared a new edition of Reynolds' famous "Discourses on the Fine Arts," annotated by John Burnet; in 1848, "Letters on Landscape-painting in Oil;" in 1852, "Turner and his Works;" in 1854, "The Progress of a Painter in the Nineteenth Century," partly autobiographical; in 1859, came "Rembrandt and his Works;" and in 1860, the "Hints on Portrait-painting," mentioned above. Most of these works were illustrated by engravings by himself.

In the last year he received a pension, on the recommendation of Lord Palmerston—a rather sad conclusion to a life of such honest and useful work.

At one period of his life Burnet devoted some time to the improvement of mechanical processes of engraving, with a view to cheap reproduction of works of Art; but though he produced some copies of Raphael's Cartoons at a low cost, they did not have much success.

John Burnet died at Victoria Road, South Newington, on the 29th of April, 1868.

PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

FA4105.6
Masterpieces of English art with ot
Fine Arts Library AZR2
3 2044 034 224 352

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

DEC 5 '59 H